

# The Freeman

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## CURRENT COMMENT.

ONE of the jaded correspondents who is holding the fort at Marion, Ohio, indicated the other day that Mr. Harding is not in sympathy with the proposal to cancel the interest on our war-loans to the Allies. Mr. Harding is supposed by "those close to him," whatever that means, to be in favour of allowing the Allies to postpone the payment of interest, while "through the issue of bonds guaranteed by these loans, this country will receive a sum equivalent to the accumulated interest." Then when the happy day comes that the Allies are able to pay interest on principal, these bonds can be retired. We do not know whether this can be called "refunding" or borrowing oneself out of debt, or what the precise term for it is; but to our inexperienced eye it looks like a very dubious and shaky proposal. It seems to us that the ultimate basis of credit is the thing to be considered in sizing up our prospects on these foreign loans. In other words, have the debtor countries got the goods? If not, are they likely to produce them, and if so, when? A few questions like these will bring us where we can get an intelligent line of direction on the problem. Interest-bearing paper indefinitely piled on interest-bearing paper is not an informative exhibit.

ACCORDING to a Washington dispatch, the Secretary of the Treasury stated on 29 December that he was expecting a representative of the British Exchequer to reach this country shortly, to discuss another proposition of "refunding." This time it is to "refund" the demand-notes of the British Government held by the United States, to the amount of over four billion dollars, into long-time paper. What a lovely job posterity is going to have in working out the obligations thus genially off-loaded on them! If there is one thing in the world that we are heartily glad of, it is that we ain't posterity.

BELONGING to a generation which has had its little fling and now, as Artemus Ward said, urbanely insists on allowing posterity to pay for it, we can afford to be cheerful. We sometimes wonder, however, in a detached kind of way, how posterity will like the job. In this mood we turned back to last September's issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and read the fine article of Mr. John F. Carter, jun., which gives the estimate that the educated and cultivated youth of the world now put upon their elders.

Mr. Carter gives his opinion of the deal that we have handed posterity, and gives it good and hot. Like Huckleberry Finn's father, he cusses us and all our works and ways, then goes over them again to make sure he hasn't left out any, and "winds up with a sort of a general cuss all round." We can not be so disloyal to our generation as to say that we approve of this, or confess to any secret delight in perusing Mr. Carter's pages; but there is no harm in saying that we think Mr. Carter has interpreted posterity pretty accurately; and this conviction gives us additional ground for satisfaction in the fact that we shall not be around when Mr. Carter's yeast begins to rise. We figure that we can count on the easy and generous thoughtlessness of youth, and its susceptibility to being misled, just about long enough to be safely out of the way when its much tried patience finally breaks into smithereens.

THE only thing that bothers us, frankly, is a lot of obscure old sayings like the one beginning "Whosoever shall offend." Every once in a while, just as we get all comfortably settled in our sense of security, some "poor old hierophant of a decayed superstition" begins a horrid dismal line of palaver about the importance which the Christ of the Gospels attached to youth, and what retribution the power in the universe which makes for righteousness has laid up in pickle for those who deceive and abuse youth. Most of the time, naturally, we can go along cheerfully dismissing this sort of thing as an old wives's tale; but sometimes, when we are a little tired or have a touch of dyspepsia, we can't help thinking, hang it all, just suppose it isn't an old wives's tale! The universe is a big place and queer, and we know so little about it, and all sorts of odd and unexpected things keep breaking out of it every now and then—and so it goes until before we know it we have had a sleepless night. The fact is, confidentially, you see, that if there is really anything in these notions that the Christ of the Gospels seems to have had about childhood and youth—most exaggerated and fantastic, no doubt, as any practical person knows very well—the future looks pretty dark for a good many statesmen, preachers and teachers, and particularly dark, too, for editors.

THE National Industrial Conference Board has published some interesting meditations upon the income-tax, especially upon the sur-tax. It appears—how astonishing!—that persons having large incomes are converting their investments from taxable securities to tax-free securities. How could any one possibly have anticipated this in the good old days when the liberals and progressives were all clamouring for a Federal income-tax? From 1916 to 1918 the number of persons having a taxable income of over \$300,000 fell 52% and the taxable income shown by their returns dropped from \$993 million to \$401 million. Then another unnatural thing has happened which no one could possibly foresee, namely, that competition with tax-free securities has tremendously raised the rate which productive industry must pay in order to attract investments, and that "normal business development" is suffering in consequence. One remedy proposed in Washington is legislation to do away with tax-free securities. The remedy for bad legislation is always more bad legislation, as the remedy for the woes of State socialism and centralization is always more State socialism and more centralization. Our own idea is that a just and practicable



rule of taxation can be formulated in five words: Tax nothing that can move. If you tax something that can move, it will move; it will move out from under, and there is no legislative device known to man which can prevent its doing so.

A FEW wily legislators in Washington are perfecting a promising technique of legislation designed to facilitate the passage of measures a little too raw for the palate of the average Senator or Representative—or a little too difficult to explain to his constituents. The new procedure is to call up the doubtful bill out of its regular order at a moment when there are very few members or Senators present and put it through without a roll-call. The Poindexter anti-strike bill was passed in this way by the Senate with only four Senators present; and both Houses used this effective method in passing the bill to extend the suspension of section 10 of the Clayton act, which provides, *inter alia*, that a railway company may not have its repairs done by a repair company in which its officials are substantially interested.

THE Poindexter bill may be reconsidered in the Senate, if enough Senators are interested; while the proponents who sneaked through the suspension of the Clayton act apparently forgot to do the necessary missionary work at the White House, for the President returned the bill without his approval. If one may judge from the present legislative temper towards labour, the Poindexter bill has a good chance to become law; while the railways will probably let their equipment run down to the point where repairs are so imperative that the officials can come to Congress saying there is no time to bother about getting bids and giving the work to the lowest bidder. Then, because the public is dependent upon the railways, section 10 of the Clayton act will be hurriedly suspended or repealed; and once more railway officials through their own repair companies will be able to bleed their roads by charging \$25,000 for putting a new bolt in an engine. There are many ingenious ways of riding questionable legislation through Congress, and that is one of the reasons why we regard a Congressional session as something in the nature of a national calamity.

THE retirement of the American occupation of the Dominican Republic has been officially announced, by way of a Christmas present to the Dominicans, as some of our newspapers, with unconscious irony, have remarked. It seems, however, that the retirement is to take place gradually, which is no surprise to the experienced observer of such movements. The rate of a first-class Power's retirement from exploitable territory about corresponds to the time-table of the average glacier—about an inch a day or, say, forty-five feet a year. If the Dominicans find any Christmas cheer from the prospect, they are about due for the disillusionment that came to Mark Twain when he and his expedition, for the sake of economy, took passage on a glacier which the guide-book said was moving down to Zermatt.

OUR occupation of the Dominican Republic is an excellent example of old-world methods. Mr. Wilson's enlightened and liberal Administration turned itself into a collection-agency for the Republic's foreign debts and sent the navy down there to attach the customs-receipts, or to back up the United States's fiscal agent in attaching them. That is the whole story of American military dictatorship in San Domingo, and it is sufficiently squalid. It appears that we tried to sandbag a treaty out of the Dominicans which should acknowledge a protectorate and thus formally condone the occupation; but the Dominicans, bad cess to 'em, declined. That is where they showed more grit than their neighbours, the Haitians. We went into Haiti on the fine old pretext that can be adjusted to suit any circumstances except those of an absolutely uninhabited region—the pretext of suppressing banditry. Our naval forces remained in Haiti, energetically taking the

leg of the chair to the Haitians, as recent disclosures have shown, until finally the Haitian Government caved in and acknowledged our protectorate. But is it not extremely odd that some of the Americans who sweat blood at such a rate over the invasion of Belgium six years ago, have not had a single word to say about President Wilson's own little private Belgium down in the Caribbean?

ON the last day of the old year, Mr. Harding's paper, the *Marion Daily Star*, cast a brilliant and revealing light upon the features of our old friend, the Monroe Doctrine. Under the caption "Supreme on the Seas," the editor said: "It is estimated that by 1924 the United States will have by far the most powerful navy in the world. For over 300 years Great Britain has held supremacy over the seas, but now she is rapidly yielding control to America. With a navy capable of defeating any rival, the safety of the United States is preserved. The Monroe Doctrine remains, as it has been in the past, inviolable against the designs of the grasping nations of the old world." This is the genuine gospel according to Roosevelt; and like all manifestations of revealed religion, it suggests certain questions, by way of higher criticism: What nation of Europe do we fear as much as the Latin-Americans fear us? If the greatest navy on earth is required for the protection of the United States from the danger of European aggression, how much of a navy does each of the Latin-American countries need for protection against the United States?

IN this connexion we should like to call attention to a statement which appeared the other day in *El Mercurio*, of Santiago, Chili. Evidently the editor had not yet had the opportunity to read the *Daily Star*, for he said. "We do not know as yet how far Mr. Harding will carry the tendency of his party toward opinionated pride and imperialism. Surely the Republican Administration will not accept the doctrines of President Wilson or continue his policy." But the editor will be less certain that a change of policy is incident to a change of administration if he will ask himself this short and simple question: Who was it planned our imperial navy, anyhow—Republicans, or Democrats?

SUFFICIENT proof of the villainy of the California Anti-Alien Land Law is contained in a suggestion just advanced for making this particular bit of legislation less distasteful to the Japanese Government. According to Representative Julius Kahn and his friends, it is not any discrimination between the Japanese and American residents of the Golden State that now irks the Orientals, but the uncomplimentary distinction made between Japanese immigrants and other foreigners of lighter hue. Obviously, then, the situation is to be remedied by giving the same treatment to all aliens, whether they happen to be yellow or white; and this is to be effected, not by treating the yellow men as the whites are treated, but the other way around. This method of rubbing Japanese official fur the right way may have a soothing effect in Tokio, but it is sure to produce results of a very different sort in certain other capitals.

THE Governments of Italy, Greece and Portugal will not listen kindly to a proposal that their own un-naturalized nationals be crowded down into the permanently landless class of Japanese sub-citizens; and the British Foreign Office will certainly not fall in with the suggestion that the Englishmen who hold oil-lands in California be compelled to choose between the acquisition of American citizenship and the surrender of American petroleum. Most of the South-Europeans in California are there to stay; hence they may escape any anti-alien restrictions by taking out naturalization papers, just as the Japanese settlers would do if they had a chance. But the British oil-promoters are no more interested in American citizenship than are the Standard Oil Company's scouts in Meso-



potamian naturalization. On the subject of free operations in the field last named, Mr. Colby has recently said a few words to the British Government; but almost anybody can see that restrictions which begin with the Japanese gardener naturally extend themselves in the course of time to the Cowdry's and the Rockefeller's.

SOMEWHERE in the imperishable Papers of the Pickwick Club, Samuel Weller tells the story of a kind father who cut off his little boy's head in order to cure him of ear-ache. This is about what the Secretary of Labour tried to do to American business, when he decided to expel the Russian Ambassador from among our midst; although as a matter of fact, the analogy ascribes to Secretary Wilson a larger power over terrestrial affairs than we would ordinarily attribute to members of the Government. Still we are bound to believe that the Americans whose contracts have been cancelled will feel the blow keenly, and particularly so now that the Secretary has said that all the fuss has been stirred up because of anti-American activities "so futile that they cause us but slight annoyance." Fifty millions of dollars in contracts signed, and a hundred millions more appropriated for prospective purchases, is a good deal to pay for the cure of so slight a distemper. Still, the application of this drastic remedy has had one good result; it has made it perfectly evident that there is in this country a division of opinion, even of respectable opinion, with regard to the Russian policy of the Government. Bolshevik propaganda may be a slight annoyance, but the loss of all opportunity to do business with Russia is something more than that. At any rate a good many people think so, and it is now possible for them to speak out without incurring the risk of search and seizure.

THE decision of Justice Roche in the matter of certain goods confiscated by the Russian Government, shipped to England, and then disposed of by Soviet agents, furnishes an apt illustration of the manner in which all institutions work together for the preservation of things as they are—or were. In this case, the Justice held that since no act of an unrecognized Government could have any legal status in an English court, the goods in question were still the rightful property of their pre-revolutionary owners. In other words, the courts will recognize the right of the Soviet authorities to confiscate property within the borders of their own country, only when the British Government has graciously recognized the right of these same authorities to represent Russia in foreign affairs.

SINCE judicial recognition is contained within political recognition, the recognizing government is in effect called upon to pass judgment upon the conduct of the unrecognized government toward the property of its own citizens, a purely domestic question. When once this process is begun, there is no stopping it, for the conception may easily be extended to cover every possible relation between the unrecognized government and the inhabitants of the territory it controls. We are not blaming the courts for this; if the executive will not accept the *de facto* principle, the courts certainly can not be expected to do so. We simply wish to point out that before the law, conditional recognition is just what this paper has so frequently said it is—a gross interference in the domestic affairs of the particular nation which is obliged to submit to the process.

IF our American courts ever have the opportunity to pass upon the legality of the confiscations of the unrecognized Soviet Government, there is no question but that they will follow precedent, and rule for the dispossessed owners. As far as the courts are concerned, the government of a foreign country is either non-existent, or else entirely competent to do what it pleases within the borders of the country it controls. Recognition marks the transition from the one status to the other; and it is

hardly to be expected that our judges will go out of their way to accommodate the law to the unheard of procedure of trade without recognition.

It is clear that the Administration at Washington intends to save the courts any trouble on this score by blocking both recognition and trade; at least one might infer as much from two dispatches which appeared in the *New York Times* for 2 January. On page three of the second section of this paper we read, "There is . . . no American Government obstacle to trade with Soviet Russia, and there has been none for the past six months"; and on page one of section one, this: "The Government mints are refusing to buy or convert any gold which is of Soviet origin. . . . As a result, the Russian gold has no purchasing power in this country and is of no value, where credit or exchange transactions with the so-called Soviet Government are concerned. . . . The position taken by the Government makes . . . [this gold] worthless here." Since both these stories are headed "Special to the *New York Times*," the presumption is that they were sent out from the same office in Washington. If such is the case, we should like to make one small request of the captain-general of this office: simply this, that he send forth a third story which will make it clear how the first two may be reconciled. When the chief-of-correspondence gets through with this job, he may turn to something easy, such as emptying the Mediterranean with a medicine-dropper.

THE intent of the Government to keep up a bushwhacking war against trade with Russia is plainly evident, but the efficacy of some of the means employed is rather doubtful. Imported gold always enters this country as a commodity, whatever may be the stamp upon it, and it seems to us quite impossible that gold once admitted can be permanently excluded from the market by any sort of governmental restriction. As long as teeth continue to ache, and ring-fingers and shirt-fronts to cry out for ornamentation, gold will have uses beyond the control of the money-coining power. It is not the great seal of the United States or of any other power that gives the yellow metal its value, and neither the absence of approved decorations nor the presence of objectionable ones can make the Russian ingots permanently worthless. If the Government persists in its refusal to deal in contaminated metal, the jewellers are fairly sure to find methods for relieving the holders of Russian bullion of their embarrassing riches.

WE observe with interest that the Lockwood Committee is proposing to recommend to the New York Legislature the establishment of a State Trade Commission which shall have control of all trade and business associations in the State, somewhat as the Railway Commission now has of the railways. State socialism is due for a big run before it gets through, and the bigger and faster the run, the sooner it will be run out. On this account we welcome the prospect of the Commission. When industry and commerce get finally so hedged about and bedevilled with bureaucracy that nobody can do any business at all, the country may be brought to see the necessity of a clear slate and a fresh start in a direction that looks more generally promising. Experience is a slow teacher and a mean one, but for thoroughness there is nothing like her.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### THE WAY OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

A FRIEND of this paper has just made us a magnificent present of a copy of the *Boston Gazette* for 12 March, 1770, the issue which contains the account of the Boston Massacre; and we have been perusing it with increasing respect for the kind of newspaper-literature that was produced in those days. We should like to reprint some of it, with editorial comment, and may do so later. At present, we content ourselves with quoting one feature, which bears upon what we have been lately saying about direct action and the principle of "grievance before supply." This issue of the *Gazette* publishes sets of resolutions passed by several New England town-meetings. Here is the first one, which fully and precisely illustrates what is meant by direct action:

Whereas the Merchants and Traders of the Town of Boston, and almost all the Maritime Towns on the Continent, from a principle truly noble and generous, and to the sacrificing of their own private Interests, have entered into an agreement not to import British Goods (a few necessary Articles excepted) until the Act of Parliament imposing certain Duties on Tea, Glass, Paper, Painter's Colours, Oyl, &c., for the express Purpose of raising a Revenue in America, be repealed; which Agreement, if strictly adhered to, will not fail to produce the most salutary Effects. Therefore,

VOTED, That we will not make use of any Foreign Teas in the Conduct and Resolution of said Merchants and Traders: And we do take this Opportunity to express our warmest Gratitude to said Merchants, for the spirited Measures which they have taken, And we do hereby declare that we will, to the utmost of our power aid and assist said Merchants, in every constitutional Way, to render said Agreement effectual.

VOTED, That we do with the utmost Abhorrence and Detestation, view the little, mean and sordid Conduct of a few Traders in this Province, who have and still do import British Goods contrary to said Agreement, and have thereby discovered that they are governed by a selfish Spirit, and are regardless of, and deaf to, the Miseries and Calamities which threaten this people.

VOTED, That whereas *John Barnard, James McMasters, Patrick McMasters, John Mein, Nathaniel Rogers, William Jackson, Theophilus Lillie, John Taylor, and Ame & Elizabeth Cummings*, all of Boston; *Israel Williams, Esq., & Son*, of Hatfield; & *Henry Barnes* of Marlboro', are of this Number; and do import contrary to said Agreement: We do hereby declare, that we will not buy the least Article of any of said persons ourselves, or suffer any acting for or under us, to buy of them; neither will we buy of those that shall buy or exchange any articles of Goods with them.

VOTED, That to the End the Generations which are yet unborn may know who they were that laughed at the Distresses and Calamities of this people; and instead of striving to save their Country when in imminent Danger, did strive to render ineffectual a virtuous and commendable Plan; the Names of these Importers shall be annually read at March Meeting.

VOTED, That we will not make use of any Foreign Teas in our several Families, until the Revenue Acts are repealed (Case of Sickness excepted).

VOTED, That a Committee of Inspection be chosen, to make Enquiry from Time to Time, how far these votes are complied with.

VOTED, That a Copy of these Votes be transmitted to the Committee of Inspection in the Town of Boston.

Here is a second, which in its preamble contains a most explicit reference to the principle of "grievance before supply," the principle that by a tradition almost as old as our civilization itself, is fundamental to all direct action properly so-called. When the Royal Ear or the Presidential Ear or the Congressional Ear or the Supreme Court's Ear or whatever Ear happens at the time to be adorning a responsible head—when this Ear seems to be stopt against all humble Prayers and Petitions for the redress of Grievances, then the traditional Method

of uncorking that Ear and making it function with the delicate accuracy of a Dictaphone, is by shutting off supplies, i. e., by stopping the governmental revenue. That is precisely what these forefathers of ours did, as we shall see; and their endorsement, in the view of this paper, puts the principle of "grievance before supply" into the category of mighty sound American doctrine, and establishes direct action as mighty sound American procedure.

The inhabitants of the Town of Acton, at their annual Town Meeting on the first Monday of March, 1770, taking into Consideration the distressed circumstances, that this Province and all North-America are involv'd in, by reason of the acts of Parliament imposing Duties and Taxes upon the Inhabitants of North-America, for the sole purpose to raise a Revenue, and when the Royal Ear seems to be stopt against all our humble Prayers, and Petitions for redress of Grievances that this Land is involv'd in, and considering the salutary Measures that the Body of Merchants and Traders in this province have come into, in order for the redress of the many troubles that we are involv'd in, and to support and maintain our Charter Rights, and Privileges, and to prevent our total Ruin and Destruction: taking all these things into serious Consideration; came into the following Votes.

VOTED, That we will use our utmost Endeavours to encourage and support the Body of Merchants and Traders, in their salutary Endeavours to retrieve this Province out of its present Distresses, to whom this Town vote their Thanks for the constitutional and spirited Measures pursued by them for the good of this Province.

VOTED, That from this Time, we will have no commercial, or social connexion with those, who at this Time do refuse to contribute to the relief of this abused Country, especially, those that import British Goods, contrary to the Agreement of the Body of Merchants in Boston, or elsewhere, that we will not afford them our Custom, but treat them with the utmost Neglect, and all those who countenance them.

VOTED, That we will use our utmost Endeavours, to prevent the Consumption of all foreign Superfluities, and that we will use our utmost Endeavours, to promote and encourage our own Manufactures.

VOTED, That the Town Clerk transmit a Copy of these votes of the Town, to the Committee of Merchants of Inspection at Boston.

Now, what have we in the foregoing exhibits? We have the economic organization in society acting, not politically but directly, against the political organization. The "economic organization" is clearly seen to consist of *labour and capital together organized for the production of wealth*. We invite special attention to this, because some of our readers seem to have the idea that when we talk about the "economic organization" we mean labour-unions. The "Merchants and Traders of the Town of Boston" must have had some merchandise and something to trade with; therefore they were capitalists, and capital must have been involved in their direct action. The "Inhabitants of the Town," moreover, must have comprised some labour, assuming that the labourer-capitalist was non-existent, which he never was, is, or will be. It was, then, we repeat, the economic organization, namely, labour and capital together, organized for production, that we see undertaking direct action on the express principle of "grievance before supply," in these New England towns. When hereafter we speak of the economic organization, therefore, let it be understood that we mean just what we say; and above all, that we do not mean labour-unions.

The method of direct action is in a sense the method of the general strike, or rather of the strike-plus-boycott. This can be plainly seen from the foregoing resolutions. The *object* of direct action, however, is always to vindicate the principle of grievance before supply, to establish in the face of governmental misfeasance, the right of the people



to say when and how they shall be taxed. There is not a point in governmental policy, foreign or domestic, which is not finally representable in terms of taxation, because the people pay all the bills. Direct action against any form of privilege, such as this paper has occasionally recommended, is based on the principle of grievance before supply; because privilege, in whatever form, is essentially a delegation of the taxing power. Direct action was employed by the colonists against a duty upon goods; well, when the Federal Government lays, say, an import-duty upon monkey-wrenches, it simply delegates its taxing power, *in limine*, to the domestic manufacturer of monkey-wrenches, enabling him to charge the consumer so-and-so many cents more for a monkey-wrench than the consumer would have to pay in a free competitive market. Any mode of privilege can be run down to the same formula, and direct action against any mode of privilege is therefore justifiable by the principle of grievance before supply.

We hope that we have now made abundantly clear our use of certain terms which appear to have been imperfectly apprehended by some of our readers. Our editorial use of them is not a special use peculiar to ourselves, but a strictly accurate use. Labour-unions are one thing, the economic organization is another; when we mean the one, we shall say the one, and when the other, we shall say the other. The issues of trade-unionism are one thing, the principle of grievance before supply is something wholly different. Sabotage is one thing, the strike is another, the boycott is another, but direct action, as opposed to political action, is different from each and all; and we know of no better example by which to establish these definitions, especially the definitions of direct action and of "grievance before supply" than is furnished by the documents which we have herein quoted from the *Boston Gazette* of 12 March, 1770.

#### DISARMAMENT BEFORE SUPPLY.

THE American people are emerging from their hypnosis of the last three or four years to confront the fact that this country came out of the great war to end war with a running start for first place in the international armament race. Our navy, says the enterprising Mr. Daniels, with a firmness which suggests that with very little urging he would favour a two-to-one standard, must be equal to that of any other nation; while our army, which worried along with some sixty thousand men before the war, is now fixed by law at a strength of 280,000 men. A large section of the public is waking up to the fact that we have stepped into Germany's place in the armament-competition; that it is an expensive undertaking; and that the tax-ridden American people will be called upon—are now being called upon—to foot the bill. Hence the sudden hue and cry against militarism, which has been taken up by a section of the press and has even been joined by a couple of Generals of the United States army—although General Pershing, to be sure, nullified his proposal to reduce armaments by dragging in the venerable apology of the militarist, that "no one nation can reduce armaments until they all do."

This paper had occasion last week to discuss the recrudescence of the old, discredited pacifist plan to abolish militarism through political action; and we suggested that while conditions which inevitably

breed militarism are allowed to continue, it is hopeless to attempt to abolish it by defeating individual militarists for office. While monopolies of all kinds exist at home by the sanction of a Government, and while Governments pledge the lives and resources of their people to support attempts by some of their citizens to enforce monopolies abroad, just so long must armies be maintained to protect the monopolists and the State against the expropriated people at home, and to protect concessionaires abroad against expropriated peoples or rival concessionaires. The inevitability of armaments under such conditions makes proposals to do away with militarism by political means sound foolish, if not downright hypocritical. But if it were possible to waive this consideration altogether, such proposals would still sound supremely foolish at present, because of the political situation.

The Republican party stands committed to the policy of fostering a huge merchant marine and building a navy large enough to protect it; a navy, as Mr. Harding would say, commensurate with the aspirations of the American people—or more properly, the American imperialists. To carry through their programme they will have in the next Congress a majority of 150 in the House and twenty-two in the Senate. With such majorities there will be no more chance of defeating the Administration programme than there was during the war. A real political Opposition might succeed at least in making them earn what they get; but there is no such thing in this country as a genuine political Opposition. The Democratic party stands as definitely committed to an elaborate military programme as does the Republican; while the small group of progressives in House and Senate who will fight nationalistic and imperialistic measures will fight more or less ineffectually, as dissenters within the two great parties; they will have behind them no organized national sentiment.

It is evident, then, that the forces of militarism will be in a pretty strong position in the next Administration. Those liberals and pacifists who propose to defeat them by ballot have two years to wait before they can bring the issue of disarmament before the country in a general election. Meanwhile the Congress which convenes 4 March will have two years in which to tax the American people to the limit of endurance, and to spend, if they see fit, even more than ninety-two per cent of the money for military purposes. Much can be done in two years in the way of military expenditures; the war proved that. Then, when the election comes, supposing that the American people were thoroughly disgruntled with the militarism of the Republican Congress, what could they do? The answer is to be found in the recent election. They could elect a Democratic Congress; and that Democratic Congress would be no more anti-militarist than its Republican predecessor; moreover, imperialism would still sit behind the presidential chair, supposing that the anti-militarist forces could perform before the election the miracle of organizing a party strong enough to defeat both Democrats and Republicans, the men elected to office by that party would perforce become as militaristic as the men they succeeded, just as Mr. Baker and Mr. Daniels and Mr. Lloyd George have become militarists; because militarism is essential to the very existence of the kind of government they serve: they can not hold office and do otherwise.



Surely the most ardent believer in the power of the ballot can see how little is to be gained by a method which promises at best a change of party without a change of policy; a method so indirect that it leaves time for the horse to be stolen and the haymow emptied while the forces of righteousness are negotiating their way to the barn-door. We should like to propose again the application of the good old American principle of grievance before supply. A great many American citizens who are not pacifists or even liberals object to an extravagant military programme at the present time, because of its uselessness. A time, they say, when no other government will be in a position to pick a quarrel with us for twenty years, is not the time to increase our already overburdensome taxes in order to pay for armaments which will be out of date before even ten years have passed. The average American citizen, it is safe to say, would like to see our military programme abandoned, not in two or four or eight years, but now. There is a friendly and even eager public sentiment to appeal to for action in this matter, and such action as this paper suggests is in line with the best American tradition. Besides, it is the only action which promises results. The politicians are at their wits' end to raise the money already appropriated. If no money were forthcoming for any purpose until the military programme were abandoned, it would be abandoned fast enough.

## NEW WAYS WITH LABOUR-PROBLEMS.

MODERN industry in all its labour-aspects is a chaos. The lack of adequate food, clothing and shelter is the normal state of those who are classed as the poor. Even if these poor have enough to maintain a bare existence, few of them ever have enough to achieve a humane life. Everywhere they are dependent on the autocratic conditions under which they work: they lack liberty as well as bread. Moreover, their poverty and dependence are coincident with the chaos of what is cynically called the "labour-market." It is true that the trade unions have organized the workers for collective bargaining in regard to wages and hours; but no organization exists whereby without excessive expenditure of labour the workers may co-operate industrially for production. These then are what are called labour-problems: and they involve not merely industrial inefficiency and incompetent citizenship, but actual suffering and premature death for vast numbers of men, women, and children.

Of course, there have always been people ready to deal with these problems. Until quite lately the favourite method of treatment was the charitable, consisting in attempts to relieve the distress of those who suffered from the effects of the industrial system. Many worthy persons who have lived on incomes derived from the workings of that system have been willing to spend a small portion of that income in relieving the victims of the system. Indeed, what otherwise could they do? They took the system as part of the nature of things; and the hidden sources of their income—the labour of diseased stokers on ships, of injured miners, or of sick and dying women—were all unknown to them. The charitable, therefore, have given of their surplus money, and the more than charitable have practised the arts of kindness and fellowship with the poor. But the evil has grown worse and not better: and all in vain have been the invention of "relief works" and "deterrent conditions" to secure the poor from pauperization. These schemes, like the charity of the rich, have died of the increase

they occasioned in the evils which they were intended to cure.

Thus a new stage was reached. Labour-problems have come to be dealt with not by charity but by organizing the labour-market itself. In England, for example, the Government in its pre-war social programme provided employment exchanges to make labour "mobile," workmen's compensation, trade boards, old age pensions, and, last of all, a Ministry of Labour pullulating Industrial Councils. The coming of all these schemes has marked the stage of investigations into the causes of poverty—as though the causes of wealth were not the more pressing problem—and innumerable worthy men and women have gone about collecting statistics in the simple faith that they were gathering facts; and yet, though "labour" was indefatigably watched and ticketed, somehow multitudes of men and women still remained poor, underfed, ill-clothed and houseless. So, too, this later method of dealing with labour-problems has left them unsolved.

In this last stage an absurd distinction began to be drawn between labour-problems and commercial and managerial problems. It was believed by many, even among the leaders of trade unionism, that the workers should confine their attention to wages, hours and conditions: the employers, meantime, regarded the problems of management as altogether outside the purview of the workers. This view was maintained at a time when management, claiming to be scientific, controlled the very finger-movements of the workers.

But already the statistical method of dealing with labour-problems is beginning to disappear. A new stage has now been reached. Poverty, incompetence, wage-slavery and industrial chaos, it is now said, must be dealt with by measures which strike at the root of the whole social and industrial system. It is seen to be useless to "organize the labour-market" if the forces which dominate the whole industrial situation are left uncontrolled. Indeed, it is coming to be seen that the very organization which may save the worker from the horrors of sweated labour or unemployment may be an organization which even more effectually enslaves him to mighty impersonal or sinister forces. If labour is to be made "mobile," is it not possible that we may live to see an international syndicate shipping docile workers wherever they may be wanted, from Glasgow to Vancouver or from China to Brazil? If hours are to be shortened, is there no danger of the workers being driven by the lash of the great god Output? Already those same industrial magnates, who were persuaded only after much argument and experience that the organization of the workers would not destroy their profits, have now become advocates of what they call "sane" labour-legislation. They now believe that they can escape the demands of the more radical workers by making concessions on hours or wages or working-conditions. They do not see that it is the whole structure of the industrial system that is in question, not merely this or that deficiency in its effects.

These, then, are the underlying reasons why the demand is now being made with greater and greater insistence in every country that labour-problems shall be dealt with not simply by passing ameliorative "labour-legislation" but by controlling the forces which have hitherto made such legislation necessary. There, indeed, lies the inner meaning of the cry for nationalization. While, of course, it is true that the workers will not secure more liberty or more bread by the mere act of destroying the present industrial system, it is also true that any radical change would have effects which we can not now foresee. No one in the world desires chaos. All rational men believe that



the ten o'clock train should run at ten o'clock and that the milk and the morning paper should come to the door in the morning. The real crux is—at whose order and for whose benefit shall the trains run and the milk and the paper be delivered?

The real revolution, the only one worth having, would be a revolution that would achieve the reorganization, on a democratic basis, of the control of all the necessities of life. If they were so reorganized, if the majority of all the inhabitants of the community possessed a real measure of control, then there might be good hope of solving the worst of the labour-problems that now beset us.

There may be other good and sufficient reasons for a radical transformation of industry besides the existence of poverty and disease: but the claim here is simply this—no solution of the evils consequent upon poverty and the wage-system is possible unless we go to the very root, and cut away the forces that create the evils. The day of palliatives is long past. Indeed, the new attitude towards labour-problems implies that there are no labour-problems. The real problems are those of industrial organization and social habit, and these can be solved only by a resolute and audacious policy; and the first step in such a policy must be the restoration of man's natural rights in the land. This policy must be approached from the primary and governing fact that man is a land-animal, and that when actually or legally foreclosed from his natural right of access to the land, he is as helpless and as much distressed as any other land-animal would be under the same conditions.

### EVEN THAT WHICH THEY HAVE.

WHATEVER it may have been like elsewhere there is no disguising the fact that in New York the Christmas and New Year holidays have been a pretty drab affair for most of us. Unemployment, the so-called crime-wave and the rapacity of the tax-gatherers have made it apparent to the dullest intelligence that we are now engaged in paying the inexorable piper who piped so compellingly when guns were booming and flags were flying. Even the bright sunshine and blue skies seemed powerless to dispel the prevailing sense of depression. But the announcement of a number of generous Christmas Day contributions to Mr. Hoover's fund for the starving children in Europe quickened the listless Christmas spirit, and for the moment one could wholeheartedly rejoice at the good news and even forget to ask where lies the responsibility for the destitution and suffering we are now trying to mitigate.

This feeding of Central Europe's multitude of hungry children is a magnificent piece of organized charity, but the question naturally arises: what effect are the Allied Governments' demands for reparation likely to have on the food and other supplies which American relief-agencies are pouring into Central Europe? Is not the assistance ostensibly being offered to the starving children in Germany and Austria in reality an indirect contribution to the revengeful militarists of France and Belgium? These questions are to the point because of the care with which the Treaty of Versailles was designed to drain the reservoir of Central Europe. Indeed the very character of the reparation terms and the persistence with which the French Government insists on their remaining indefinite, seem to indicate that no matter how much is poured into the depleted reservoir, the contents can never rise above the open taps.

According to latest accounts, the Reparations Commission is said to have ordered the delivery by Germany of 1,740,000 fowls within four years, 25,165 goats within three years, 15,250 pigs within one year, and 30,000 horses, 125,000 sheep and 90,000 cattle within six months. Up to the present time, it seems, "Germany has almost completed delivery of livestock-advances required under Annex 4, Paragraph 6 of the Peace Treaty," and we are assured by Mr. Robert Dell that the large quantities of coal demanded by France under the treaty are being regularly delivered, "although it is more than France really needs and much more than Germany can spare without crippling her own industries." If the incredible order for the destruction of all Diesel engines is insisted upon, a still further element of disorganization and discouragement will be added to an almost intolerable burden. At a time when only invalids and children under three years of age are permitted to have milk in Germany, the insistent demand for the surrender of thousands of milch-cows is calculated to arouse concern not only among the unhappy victims of such rapacity but also among those who are striving to break the famine. The worst feature of the situation in this case, as in the case of the money indemnity, is the uncertainty as to the amount to be exacted. "The total numbers of horses, sheep and cattle to be delivered eventually will be fixed later," says the official statement.

Despite their friendly feelings for the people of France and Belgium, contributors to Mr. Hoover's fund can hardly be expected to be satisfied with an arrangement which tends to defeat the very purpose of their gifts. It would be a vast encouragement to all concerned, if Mr. Hoover could announce that the success of his appeal would not be allowed to serve as the occasion for the pressing of new demands by the Allied Governments.

The present policy of the French Government is far more costly to the French people than an attitude of moderation would be. The removal of embargoes and tariff-taxes would inevitably result in a natural flow of goods from Germany to France based on the needs of the French people; surely a much better criterion than the demands of questionable political policies. Such a course, moreover, would have the further advantage of stimulating production in Germany and thereby providing against the need for a perpetual Hoover fund for the children of Central Europe.

### AN OBSERVANT TRAVELLER.

Books on America by travellers from overseas have as a rule but an ephemeral interest, and soon take their place on the dusty shelves beside the almanacs of years gone by. The visit of Urbain Gohier some twenty years ago, and his comments on "*Le Peuple du XX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*," have no doubt long been forgotten, but the course of events has proved him to have had a clearer insight than is common among the more or less distinguished visitors from abroad who have turned us into "copy."

One of the first things that struck M. Gohier, after an initial astonishment at the unity of this great continent whose population seemed to be cemented by a common taste for chewing-gum, ice-cream soda and base-ball, was the cult of Napoleon. He found portraits and busts of the emperor in almost every house and school, and he concluded that their worship of force led Americans to regard as a hero "the greatest ruffian in history," and to hold up to their children as a model of energy "the butcher of four million men."

In keeping with this predilection was the evident feeling of elation at West Point because of the compliments bestowed by the emperor Wilhelm II upon the American representatives at the German army-maneuvres. "One feels," remarked M.



Gohier as he watched the cadets on dress parade, "that with a little practice these young citizens of a free country might become as much strangers to a natural life, as affected, as insolent, as ridiculous—in a word as military—as their European confrères."

Although Americans laughed at the spectre of militarism, M. Gohier thought he saw many signs of its growth, stimulated as it had been by the war with Spain and the conquest of the Philippines, where it blossomed into atrocities of the usual sort, atrocities excused by our government officials and by our press which rallied to the defence of the army just as the French and German papers had done during the Dreyfus and Zabern affairs.

A nation which filled its public places with statues of warriors, and counted no village too small to have its soldiers' monument, seemed to the observant Frenchman not entirely free from the taint of militarism. Moreover, he found an almost universal passion for the game of soldiers; the old men marched as veterans in the celebrations of the G. A. R., the young men paraded under the banners of the Knights of This-and-That, and the children followed suit in numerous military schools and colleges. The result of such an education was obvious, and M. Gohier did not hesitate to predict that "If war should unfortunately break out between the United States and any European power other than poor Spain, there would be a terrible hysteria of militarism throughout the country." He foresaw as "an unprecedented disaster for humanity" America concentrating its energies upon war.

M. Gohier did not overlook the responsibility of women for this warlike tendency. Their love of the uniform he regarded as an alarming sign. Women, he believed, had but to show disgust with the profession of murder to make the recruiting of officers impossible. "It rests with the all-powerful women to suppress or to encourage the pest of militarism." Nor did he exclude the military-minded President Roosevelt from the factors making for evil; comparing him with the Kaiser as an indefatigable talker and sword-rattler, and declaring that he would contribute his part "to depraving the public mind and leading astray the American nation." It was plain that the imperialist adventures consequent upon the war with Spain would have inevitable consequences; a greater navy would call for a larger army to be used not only abroad but to overawe the wage-earners at home.

Like most visitors, M. Gohier was shown the Stock Yards in Chicago, but his reaction was peculiar. He saw in the methodic dispatch of dumb animals a counterpart of the butchery of war, and his conscience was not satisfied with the assurance that both were necessary. His attitude recalls the pungent reflections of Voltaire upon man's inhumanity to man. The scenes of disaster witnessed by Candide seem commonplace enough, now that we count our victims by millions instead of thousands, and we could hardly expect a modern Candide to be shocked at the sight of an admiral being shot to encourage the others. But the problem is the same.

"Do you think," said Candide, "that men have always massacred each other, as they do to-day, that they have always been liars, swindlers, traitors, ingrates, brigands, weaklings, timeservers, cowards, enviers, gourmands, drunkards, misers, climbers, murderers, calumniators, rakes, fanatics, hypocrites and blockheads?"

"Do you think," said Martin, "that hawks have always eaten pigeons when they could find them?"

"Yes, without doubt," said Candide.

"Very well," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same nature why should you suppose that men have changed theirs?"

"Oh," said Candide, "there is a great difference, because free will . . ."

As beings in possession of free will, men have, no doubt, themselves to blame for having "made a carnivorous animal out of a vegetarian," and developed all that is cannibalistic in human nature, until "a shipwreck, a conflagration, the loss of a battle, fills one half of society with grief and the other half with delight." There is small wonder that Candide came to the conclusion that the only alternatives open to the sage were *de se couper la gorge le plus doucement qu'il est possible* or to cultivate his garden. And even in wielding the hoe it were best to work without thinking—the only way to make life bearable. Thought is not only painful in itself; it widens the sympathies and thus increases the capacity for suffering from the spectacle of world-wide oppression and violence.

But it offers also the hope of regeneration through a better knowledge of the laws of nature and their bearing on the struggle for existence. The friendliness of the unmolested bears and squirrels in the Yellowstone Park led M. Gohier to decide that "as soon as man refuses to act as executioner, all creation receives him as a brother." If the heartless exploitation of man and beast is the result of unjust human laws, the remedy is within our grasp, and can be applied as soon as we are ready to make the necessary effort of good will.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

## THE TSAR'S ROAD TO RUIN.

THE insistent demand that the Soviet Government should recognize the Russian national debt is based chiefly on the principle that no government may repudiate the debts contracted by its predecessors because such a policy would be detrimental to the country adopting it, and would destroy the present international credit-system. But the reasons which have led the Soviet Government to repudiate its heavy legacy of debt are seldom discussed, though it is sometimes admitted that revolutionary Russia has a grievance against the Tsarist regime for its reckless borrowings, which were made without consulting the Russian people and were spent mostly on causes directly opposed to their interests.

It is significant, therefore, that those who are now endeavouring to compel the Russian people to acknowledge the debts of the old regime, persist in attempting to justify these full claims on the ground that the money obtained from foreign loans was spent by the Tsar's Government in the interest of the Russian people for the construction of railways, the development of oil-fields and mines, the building of ports, etc. This pretension is a gross misrepresentation of facts, and is contrary to the opinion long held by many leading international economists and financiers, a fact which is revealed by the critical attitude which was formerly adopted by many financial authorities towards the methods of Tsarist finance.

It is hardly necessary to say at this late day that the Russian Government before the war was on the verge of financial collapse, and that the money raised by the Tsar's Ministers, instead of being used for the benefit of the Russian people, was helping to prolong the strangle hold in which the Government held its subjects, yet in view of the persistent denunciation of any measure of repudiation whatsoever as a piece of gross ingratitude on the part of the Russian people, it is perhaps necessary to repeat a few incontrovertible facts about the way in which Tsarist Ministers of Finance raised these vast sums and spent them. Without prejudicing the general question of recognition by revolutionary governments of debts contracted by their predecessors, these facts may serve to explain the present temper of the Russian people towards their "moral obligations" to the creditors of the Tsar, and why the repudiation of the national debt after the Revolution became almost inevitable.

At the outset it should be understood that repudiation is by no means a bolshevik invention. The idea had been germinating in revolutionary circles long before the bolsheviks were ever heard of. Vigorous protests against the Government's uncontrolled borrowings were made by Russian economists of even the most moderate views, such as Professor Migoulin, the greatest authority on Russian credit. After the abortive revolution of 1905, the Socialists and Liberals openly demanded the repudiation of Russia's foreign debt. The manifesto issued at that time by the Socialist parties is of special importance because it was intended as a warning to the Western Governments and to the whole financial world that the Revolution, when successful, would inevitably repudiate all foreign debts which had been contracted by the Tsar's Government for the purpose of suppressing the Revolution. This manifesto was signed by the most representative elements of the whole body of revolutionary opinion. This manifesto could not



have remained unknown to the outside world, if only because of the dramatic way in which it was published. It first appeared in the leading Petrograd newspapers, which were at once suppressed by the police. It was then published in all the daily papers and magazines belonging to the Russian Newspaper Association.

This important manifesto first of all pointed out that the Government spent the money it obtained from foreign loans almost entirely on the army, navy and police forces; secondly, that this expenditure had never received the sanction of the Russian people; and thirdly, that the Government was behaving like a conqueror in a foreign country, and that therefore the Socialist parties of Russia had decided "not to permit the payments of any of the foreign debts, which the Tsarist Government had contracted when it was frankly and openly at war with the Russian people." By way of an answer to this warning, the Government, which was then in great financial straits, obtained a fresh foreign loan to the amount of fifty-six million pounds sterling, which was popularly known in Russia as "the loan for liquidating the Revolution."

The annual budgets of the Tsar's Governments since Russia became a borrowing nation, reveal the fact that taxes were always intolerably high, and that by indirect taxation, aimed especially at the poorer peasantry, the great mass of the people was systematically impoverished. The expenditure of these vast revenues was mostly for unproductive purposes, such as interest on foreign debts, enlarging the fiscal apparatus and tax-collecting machinery, police and secret service forces, and largest of all, increases in the army and navy. The items for education, agriculture, commerce and industry, post and telegraphs and public works were trivial, amounting altogether to from seven to ten per cent of the whole budget.

The vast increase in army and navy expenditure was the outcome of the Russo-French alliance. The reason given was the necessity of meeting the menace created by the increase in the forces of the Central Powers. This, indeed, was the principal task of the Russian Treasury. For the ten years between 1892 and 1902 the cost of the Russian army and navy increased 47.7 per cent, while French expenditure on "preparedness" increased during the same period by only 9.7 per cent. In spite of the fact that Russia was already spending about a quarter of her total budget on armaments, Russian expenditure under this head during the next five years increased by another seventeen per cent while French expenditure increased only two per cent. In spite of this heavy war expenditure, the Russian Exchequer spent much more besides on indirect war preparations. The military estimates were always carefully arranged to appear to be smaller than they actually were; for instance, war pensions did not appear in the military estimates, as of course they should have done, but were always reckoned under the heading of civil expenditure.

But the factor that most affected the economic interests of the country was that the construction of railways was dominated by purely strategical motives. It is notorious that the building of new railways was always associated with enormous corruption, which was rendered especially easy because everything was done under the direction of the War Office for the "sacred" purposes of "national defence," and was therefore above all criticism.

At last the burden of foreign debt became so great that new borrowings had to be made to pay old debts, and then new debts were contracted to pay these. Professor Migoulin speaks of these payments as "a vast annual tribute to foreign countries, forced upon the Russian people in payment of loans which did not even reach the country but served only to keep, with difficulty, the Russian rate of exchange at its normal level, and to pay interests on old debts." These vast borrowings degraded the Russian Treasury to the position of a convict upon a treadmill.

Up to 1905 the Tsar's Government had borrowed the sum of 1,323 million pounds sterling but actually they had received only seventy-six per cent of this amount, the rest (about 400 millions) went into the pockets of the intermediaries. This was typical of all Russian borrowings. The Minister of Finance was always in difficulties and was always compelled to pay far more than a business man or a solvent State would ever think of paying. Those who had the power to lend the money knew only too well the state of the Russian Treasury and what sort of people its managers were, and they did not hesitate to take advantage of the situation. As a matter of fact, Russian borrowings not only impoverished the Russian people, but even before the war had caused great losses to foreign investors, and French economists had begun to complain against their demoralizing effects. But these protests went unheeded because Russian loans were altogether too advantageous to the bankers, and also because the Tsar's Government spent enormous sums in corrupting the Russian press and a part of the European press in order to impress the foreign investor with the "splendid" position of Russian Finance. Russian budgets were made to appear in an attractive light. All Russian Ministers of Finance from Bunge and Vishnegradsky to Vitte and Kokovzov endeavoured to show that the national revenue exceeded the expenditure. By exerting pressure on the people they succeeded in accumulating about 2,000 million gold rubles, and year by year the budget total was doubled and trebled. Unfortunately, this money was raised by indirect taxation from the poorest peasantry, for the Government did not dare to tax the land-owning classes. Incessant "requisitioning" of the peasant's harvests and cattle became the favourite method of the Russian tax-collector. The effect was terrific. Famine became a Russian institution. During the last twenty-five years the average number of famine-ridden provinces (*gubernias*) never fell below twenty-four. Yet Russia continued to obtain vast sums from foreign investors. The much lauded Russian budget was based on the starvation of the Russian peasant and the sale of vodka—long before Vitte introduced the State Drink Monopoly, the Russian budget was called the "Drunkard's Budget." After Vitte almost a third of the Russian revenue was obtained in this way.

But there was at least one field in which the Tsar's Ministers spent money on causes which were thought to be for the development of the country, i. e., in bolstering up and protecting "Big Business." Under these conditions "graft" became rampant. The whole history of Russian industrial development is to a great extent the story of the growth of State corruption. Firms "in" with the Government received large subsidies as well as all the State business, a condition of affairs which of course



rendered all honest trading impossible and ultimately destroyed even those firms that were under the special protection of the Government. The rank corruption during the war and the complete breakdown of Russian industry after the Revolution is sufficient proof of the rottenness of the foundations of the Russian industrial system.

It is not to be denied that foreign private enterprise and investment have done a great deal for Russia, but all the good that has been done during the last quarter of a century has been destroyed by the civil war which has been carried on so long by the aid of the foreign subsidy.

The question of what shall now be done with the Russian debt is admittedly a difficult one. It can not be solved either by simply demanding payment with threats, or by misrepresentation of the facts. There is only one way out of the difficulty. That is: an attempt should be made to come to an agreement in conference in an atmosphere free from passion and prejudice and where both sides of the case may be taken carefully into consideration and scrutinized by unbiased eyes.

MICHAEL FARBMAN.

### PARTNERS IN A NEFARIOUS TRAFFIC.

ONE of the prevalent illusions of the American people is that the opium traffic in China is a thing of the past. Some of us vaguely remember hearing a few years ago something about the Chinese Government issuing a decree prohibiting the growing of the poppy and the use of its products, and we have cheerfully supposed that the Chinese, being a law-abiding people like ourselves, were strictly obeying the edict. Unhappily this is not the case. The traffic in opium is still going on. Morphine and other products of the poppy continue to sap the health of millions of human beings. In China to-day more people are addicted to opium than can read or write. It is true that conditions in 1920 are better than they were in 1906 when the edict was promulgated, but the situation to-day is especially alarming because the latest statistics show that the habit is once more on the increase.

It is not the smoking of opium that is increasing so rapidly, for that, after all, is the vice of the rich; only the rich can afford this expensive form of dissipation and only they can buy immunity from prosecution at the hands of the corrupt officials. The danger lies in the widespread use and abuse of morphia. The needle is injecting the poison into the masses of China. The coolie-class especially is threatened, and who can blame these poor fellows for seeking some way of escape from the awful drudgery of their lives? Under-nourished, scantily clothed, with no decent place in which to sleep, is it any wonder that these people are ready to surrender themselves to anything that will make the world look a little brighter? So they are spending their coppers (each less than a cent in value) for "shots," i. e., injections of morphine. Three coppers per "shot" is the present rate. Three "shots" per day and the victim is a dead man in a few months. That fatal result is due not so much to the drug itself, for there is only one-quarter of a grain in a "shot"; it is partly due to the crude way in which it is administered. Yet whatever the exact cause may be, the fact remains that millions of Chinese—fifteen millions is a conservative estimate, and this number is steadily increasing—are now being debauched by opium and its derivatives.

Who is responsible? The first and most obvious answer is, of course, the Chinese Government. After all, it is a government's first duty to protect its people. Yet this answer is, in the main, unfair to China, for the Chinese Government, from the days of the empire till to-day, has constantly fought this gigantic evil. It actually entered upon a war with Britain in the middle of the last century with the object of keeping opium out of the country. The result was, of course, a disastrous defeat for China whereby the Chinese lost Hong Kong, paid a large indemnity and in the end had more opium forced upon them. The Chinese Government has persistently tried to make agreements with the great Powers to keep out the drug. It has used heroic methods against its own offending citizens, even going the length of making the use of opium a capital offence. As late as January, 1919, 1800 cases of opium valued at \$20,000,000 were publicly burned in Shanghai by order of the Chinese Government. Yet such measures avail little or nothing, for the reason that trading in opium and its products is extremely profitable, and that is why the great Powers of the world have prevented China from stamping out this trade.

It is not to be supposed that the great Powers are themselves growing opium and forcing it on China; the truth is that this trade is in the hands of a few citizens of these countries; and their profits are so vast that a powerful "ring" has been created which can influence legislation, bribe officials and use the machinery of government to further the traffic. The business in opium is a vested interest. The opium "farmer" in Hong Kong and Singapore pays a royalty of \$2,000,000 per year for the definite privilege of converting every day five chests of raw opium into prepared opium. It is easy to figure his cost, on the basis of the royalty plus the cost of the material and its conversion into prepared opium. His legitimate income is the amount he derives from his sales. But this has never equalled even the amount of the royalty paid by the "farmer," yet the contract is eagerly renewed year after year. Where, then, does the profit come from? It comes from the illegitimate side of the business, for the "farmer" deals in morphia and the profits from this are so great that customs men can be bought and occasional fines paid and still there remains hundreds of thousands of dollars' profit.

Who, then, is responsible for the importation into China of opium and its derivatives against the wishes of the Chinese Government and the moral sense of the Chinese people? At present there are three countries involved: Japan, Great Britain, and the United States; and the proportion of their guilt is approximately in the order in which they are here named. The Japanese are undoubtedly the principal offenders. Though they are zealous enough in protecting their own citizens against the evil, they have no objection to promoting the importation of the drug into China. Many of Japan's enemies say that she is deliberately seeking to break down the resistance of the Chinese people and bring them under her yoke by debauching them with morphia. But it is not necessary to believe this charge when one remembers the enormous profits in the business and the greed of traders. Whatever Japan's object may be, the fact remains that according to official figures the importation of morphia into Japan rose from about 30,000 ounces in 1913 to 358,543 ounces in 1915 and 600,228 ounces in 1917. It fell off some-



what in 1918 due to a reform in the law but according to authentic figures (not, however, derived from Government sources), over 100,000 ounces were imported in the first five months of 1919 and there is reason to believe that the falling-off is only temporary and that in a few months the opium traders will have found new ways of evading the law. Of course this morphine is not imported into Japan for Japanese consumption; it is at once re-shipped to China. Japan is but a stopping-point, a clearing-house. It is a conservative estimate that every year thirty tons of morphine reach China principally from Japan. This amount equals 960,000 ounces or 420,000,000 grains, and when one remembers that the retail value of this enormous quantity on the basis of one-quarter of a grain to the dose, at two cents per dose, would be over \$33,000,000, one obtains some idea of the money to be made in this nefarious traffic.

Next in order of blame comes the British Government. It may indeed be regarded as even more blameworthy than the Japanese Government because it actually produces the poison. Opium is being grown to-day in parts of Turkey under British control and also in Persia; India, too, is a great source of supply. It is hard to discover the exact amount that is being produced in the latter country for Indian government officials always avoid a direct answer whenever definite figures are asked for. We do know, however, that large quantities of opium are shipped from India to England where it is made up into morphine, heroin and other by-products, which are then shipped to Japan where they follow the usual underground route to China. In this connexion it is interesting to note that in March, 1919, in the Japanese House of Representatives, the Government-spokesman stated that Britain was the principal source of supply of morphine to Japan. The British authorities in Singapore and Hong Kong, by their lax regulations, have made it both possible and profitable for opium and its products to be smuggled into China through those ports. In Hong Kong, for example, the boats of the opium farmer need not report when entering or leaving the harbour, and any morphia seized by the police is handed over to the farmer and becomes his property. Furthermore, the British Government is especially culpable in that it has failed to give effect to the various measures which the International Opium Convention agreed to in 1912. It is a very poor excuse for the representatives of a great country like England to say that they will not attempt to enforce these provisions till other countries agree to them. The British Government, like the Japanese, is careful enough regarding its own subjects but both Governments seem wholly indifferent to the evils that may befall the Chinese through the cupidity of British and Japanese traders.

America does not come with clean hands out of this dirty business. There seems to be an international "dope" ring operating on the Pacific Coast. American federal authorities declare that from July to October, 1919, more than 8,000 pounds of morphia were shipped to Japan from Seattle, Tacoma and San Francisco. According to U. S. Customs statistics, a steamer clearing from Seattle to Japan in October, 1919, carried 14,000 pounds of crude opium equal to 200 pounds of morphia. This quantity was shipped to Japanese firms in Kobe and the island of Formosa whence it

is transhipped into China-bound vessels (thus avoiding the customs) and smuggled into China. Though the United States is not an opium-producing country the drug somehow finds its way within our borders and there are plenty of Americans base enough to aid its shipment into China via Japan. Thus the people of the United States now share with the people of Britain and Japan the responsibility for this great crime.

What is to be done? It is not my purpose here to advocate any panacea but I believe that two or three practicable measures would help towards a solution of the problem. First of all, let there be plenty of publicity; turn on the light, let all the facts be known. Give the widest publicity to such a book as Miss Ellen LaMotte's "The Opium Monopoly." Second, there should be government-control of the manufacture of opium by-products with government officials to watch the amounts going in and coming out of the factories and making full public reports. Third, no exportation should be allowed to any country whose anti-opium laws do not constitute a real guarantee that the use of the drug will not be abused, and there should be no export whatsoever to any country in excess of the amount required for medicinal purposes. Fourth, there ought to be an International Opium Board to find out the measure of the world's need of the drug and to aim at limiting the world's production to meet that amount and no more. These are but a few suggestions. Whether acceptable or not, at least it is necessary that the American public should know that indirectly it is at present a consenting party to the steady debauching of the Chinese people.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

## THE PARAGON OF ANIMALS.

As the astronomer predicts the future course of a comet by observations of its past, so we may anticipate the future of the human body by defining the lines on which it has reached us. The all-significant fact is the lack of any new and outstanding mechanism which may be recognized as constituting our claim to be the paragon of animals. Like all other vertebrates from, say, the frog onwards, we have two pairs of limbs, and no more; like many other such, those limbs possess terminal organs of the standard or pentadigitate type. We have an efficient opposable thumb, but not an opposable great toe. In many notable respects, these limbs are inferior to those of many of our animal inferiors. The skin is pitifully naked, our nails almost futile—as contrasted with, say, the tiger's claws—and, indeed, no one, by observation of the human exterior, could guess his place in the scale of creative evolution.

But we may now ask ourselves whether the principles of simplification and denudation, which our bodies illustrate, are still in operation. Doubtless they are, for the deeper principle upon which they depend is certainly no less valid than ever. That principle may be hinted at by the use of such useful catchwords as "Brain or Brawn?" "Mind or Muscle?"

For, indeed, "brawn," "muscle" and their like are all going—all in process of reduction to a doubtless irreducible minimum. Such a minimum there must be, since, as the philosophers remind us, we can only make our wills effective by "moving things,"



and some physical mechanism must be available for that purpose, even if it be only enough to push a pen. But what is no longer necessary, is, of course, burdensome; it has to be nourished and drained, though we have better uses for our food and our blood. On the most evident principles of economy, therefore, let it go. Thus, what use have we for the complex and elaborate mechanism of the foot, with its five toes, numerous joints and four distinct layers of muscles? The thing is an anachronism, and it is going. Long ago, in his twenties, the late Sir William Turner dissected a series of fifty feet, and noted their exact condition. He found that a modern foot which displays all the apparatus of joints, digits, muscles and so forth is not the rule but the exception. The foot, as we have inherited it, is going. If we pass from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, do we not everywhere see the same process in being? The face was once a mill, but it is now a talking machine. Accordingly, the teeth needed for the purposes of grinding the food—the molars, as we call them—are in course of disappearance. The “wisdom” teeth are doomed not merely because they are superfluous, but because they are in the way of the mouth’s and tongue’s new function. One talks more comfortably without them, and their disappearance is not prejudicial to beauty. The incisors are little used for cutting—or, at any rate, for gnawing—nowadays, but where would our dental consonants be without them, or our ingratiating smiles? Therefore, they are relieved, as anything may be and is which can be adapted or promoted from the mechanical plane where only mechanical ends are served to that higher mechanical plane which serves and expresses mind. We thus need not fear for our fingers. There was no thought of the piano, the violin, the typewriter, when the frog appeared with its pentadigitate forelimbs; but so long as “five finger exercises” are preliminary to the making of a Paderewski or a Cortot—whom not even the pianola can rival—our little fingers will not share the fate of our little toes.

If it be asked why a different future should be predicted for the terminal arrangements of the upper and lower limbs respectively, the answer is that their fate is contrasted exactly because they are now upper and lower—and no longer fore and hind. The backbone was once horizontal, the surfaces of the body vertical and dorsal, the four limbs all alike used for locomotion, as in the frog. The principal theme in the evolution of the body of man is the attainment of the erect attitude or upright posture or orthograde status by him whom Robert Louis Stevenson rightly called “man the erected,” the descendant of “Probably Arboreal.” The significance of this change is not that man holds his head higher in the world, but that his forelimbs have been wholly liberated from locomotion. We see the past in the crawling baby, still a quadruped, in whom the backbone has a simple curve, concave forwards, such that a vertical line from the centre of gravity of the body falls in front of the hip-joints, and the body must be supported by the fore-limbs. But as the baby develops, its spine assumes a four-fold curve, such that the vertical line from the centre of gravity of the body now falls behind the hip-joints, and the body is erect. Indeed, its tendency is to roll backwards on the hip-joints, which are accordingly provided in man, and in man alone, with an extraordinarily strong pair of ligaments on

their front aspects, to prevent this rolling backwards of the erected trunk. The fore-limbs being free now, they and their fingers and still opposable thumbs are the organs of the mind. On these grounds, Sir William Turner declared that the body of man represents the goal of evolution. The spine is erect, the head poised thereon, the fore-limbs free—what more can be imagined?

Little remains but lightening the ship, simplifying and reducing the obsolete and superseded, as in the instances above cited. Curiously enough, there appears to be one exception, though it is commonly named as if it were an illustration of the rule. That is the appendix vermiformis which, we used to be taught, is a vestigial structure, prone to disease like other decadent organs—cf., the wisdom teeth—indeed better removed. We find, on the contrary, that the appendix occurs only in the anthropoid apes and man. It is a recent addition, an appendix indeed to the alimentary apparatus. Nor is it useless. It contains the specific kind of tissue which makes the white corpuscles of the blood, and is accordingly to be regarded as a defensive mechanism. If it be often the subject of disease—in modern man, but whether appendicitis is recorded in naturally-fed apes I know not—and if it be often damaged or destroyed thereby, perhaps we should no more blame it than we should blame the first regiment we sent to repel an invasion if it were shot to pieces.

As for our muscles, which constitute so much of our bulk and weight, and which make such large demands on our digestion and our blood for upkeep, they also are doubtless in process of progressive involution—a more accurate term than degeneracy. We may practise physical culture, aim at weight-lifting, worship the pugilist; but we may easily go wrong therein. The hypertrophied heart of the long-distance swimmer or Marathon runner will do wonders, but it is abnormal, and the coronary arteries, which supply the cardiac musculature, are not proportionately enlarged. In middle life, especially if the ex-athlete “lives well”—which is to live ill—and his arteries begin to age because of the intoxication of his blood, they will fail him mortally, and he will crumple up under pneumonia or influenza or without them. The longevity of athletes makes a poor record, and if we are to admire and emulate the athlete let us prefer the game which makes the more of mind and the less of muscle—baseball to football, for instance, and if we hope that Carpentier beats Dempsey, let it not be because we trust the Frenchman to “slosh” the Texan harder than the Texan can “slosh” him, but because, perchance, the Frenchman has the quicker “mental tempo”—as it has here been defined—and brings more mind to the matter.

If muscle and bones, teeth and hair, and so forth are to diminish, is anything to remain and increase? Yes, indeed, and that is the brain; or, to be more precise, part of the brain. There are inferior and decadent senses, as there are inferior and decadent physical organs. The brain began as a smell-brain—in the olfactory lobes of the fish. We still have the olfactory areas, and their corresponding “first” pair of cranial nerves—first in position and in time. But this area of the human brain is decadent as compared, say, with that of a dog. So with taste. These are the primitive, humbler senses. Hearing and vision are the later and the nobler. They reach further. One can not smell the stars, but one can



see them, and even sometimes faintly hear "the music of the spheres." In the relation of the sexes, the olfactory, once important, recedes. The poet writes a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, not to her fragrance. The cook may be an "artist," but not to rank with Bach or Holbein. When Mr. Chesterton praises "noble wine," but tells us, without shame, that he does not "mind music," we note the fact but think it polite to refrain from comment.

Always the upward trend of evolution is towards that in which there is most of mind. Many years ago, I ventured to define progress as "the emergence and increasing dominance of mind." In this sense, though, we recognize the vast physico-chemical superiority of the oak to the alga, or of the phanerogams, or flowering plants in general, to the cryptogams, we can not recognize progress in the vegetable world. Doubtless, there is mind in both alga and oak, but I doubt whether the oak has a more intense or dominant psychical life.

We live in a material world, to which we must adapt ourselves or, indeed, and that is the deed of deeds, which we must adapt to ourselves—not merely moulding ourselves upon this "sorry scheme of things entire," but actually able to "grasp" and "re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire." Therefore we abandon bodily mechanism, as of tooth and claw, only to create superior mechanisms, to fly the Atlantic as never bird did yet, to sweep the deep as never shark or whale, to pierce the sky as never eagle's eye. We have abandoned the finite for the infinite. A bodily organ has its bodily powers, according to the strength of lever and pulley and what not. But the crescent mind and brain of man can harness Niagara or the lightning or the atom; there is no limit to his powers. By taking thought he can not add a cubit to his physical stature, but he is the "tool-making animal," as Lichtenberger called him, and thus, in sky-scraper or aeroplane, he *can* add countless cubits to his stature. Bergson has written profoundly on this limitless substitution, by the mind, of extra-organic for our organic organs—if the clumsy phrase be allowed. Claws are dwindled to nails—but what of buzz-saws and the acetylene drill? The modern eye tends to be myopic, but what of the spectroscope by which the physically short-sighted astronomer can see the kinds of atoms in Sirius or Aldebaran?

"In the universe there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind."

LENS.

## IN THE CLASSICAL CEMETERY.

### VIII. THE SHE-DEVIL.

HECUBA was frankly sceptical on the subject of religion. Euripides understood her thoroughly because he was subtle and Homer missed her because he was simple.

Hecuba admitted to Menelaus that she was not quite sure who Jove was or where he was, her one definite notion of the spiritual world communicated to the ladies about her, having reference only to dreams. She liked to have the judgment of her daughter Cassandra on these dreams, especially when they were about wolves. As for the current mythology, Hecuba laughed it to scorn. She took no stock at all in that story about the three goddesses who asked her son Paris to decide which was the fairest. She saw no necessity for such an expedient and in any event, Helen was such a liar that she must have perverted the facts in the case as an excuse for herself. Being a born prevaricator herself, Hecuba had little faith in the veracity of others, and she did not hesitate to accuse the most beautiful woman in the world of falsehood to her

face. Why should Juno want Paris to proclaim her the fairest? Juno could not be trying to get a husband more eligible than Jove. No less ridiculous was the suggestion that Minerva wanted to be thought the fairest among her sex. A woman aspires to beauty only when she seeks a husband and Minerva avoided matrimony as if she knew it was a failure. To cover up her own dereliction, Helen was trying to make the goddesses look like fools.

These tongue-lashings of Hecuba's give but a faint idea of this hag as a common scold. She was like an old washerwoman in a back alley and with her virulence she could make Helen a laughingstock. She told everybody that Helen ran away with Paris because he was so handsome; that he had fine clothes and Helen had thought that she could come to Troy and show the ladies there how to dress. Not that Helen had any decent clothes of her own. She hadn't a stitch to her back when she came. Her husband was a poor man, even if he was a king at home, but Helen knew money was plentiful in Troy. She wanted course dinners, pretty things to wear, men to admire her. Thus Hecuba lashed Helen with her tongue from the hour she arrived in Troy, or so Euripides suspects. He hints that Hecuba tried to persuade Helen to get out of town by stealth long before Troy fell, but Helen could not resist the temptation to stay on where she was a star in the firmament rather than go home with her husband in the character of a woman with a past.

Hecuba would never get up off the floor. From the moment Troy fell she refused to remain at right angles to the plane of the horizon. Prostrate, dishevelled, she shrieked at the top of her powerful voice that she had seen better days. Ladies, sufficiently distracted already by hot cinders from the falling towers of Ilium, and by the slaughter of their husbands and children, found time to gather about the form of Hecuba as she clawed the ground. They suggested that she get upon her feet. Her answers took the form of reminders that she was a queen by birth, descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, a splendid dancer, a perfect judge of dress. Now look at her—bedraggled, widowed, her sons dead, her daughters enslaved and she on the eve of exile to a far country where she must eke out a precarious existence by washing and dressing a hateful woman's brats. Think where she would have to sleep—she, once queen in Troy! She would be told to make her bed out of a pile of old rags in a corner so that she might be available when the baby cried in the night. And Hecuba a woman of such venerable years!

All that Dickens says of Mrs. Gummidge can be applied to Hecuba in one of that Queen's most characteristic moods. Like Mrs. Gummidge, Hecuba was of a fretful disposition and like Mrs. Gummidge she sometimes whimpered more than was comfortable for other parties. Euripides takes every advantage of all these traits for the sheer joy of the comic relief in his tragic scenes, yet no German professor can detect a thing so obvious and the English turn her lamentations into the most preposterous heroics. Hecuba, in Mrs. Gummidge's best manner, bursts into tears with the remark: "I am a lone lorn creetur' and everythink goes contrairy with me." Her language is transformed by the "versions" of the English into something that resembles Mrs. Siddons, that great actress who had to be tragical even behind the scenes. "I sent for porter, boy," she mouthed in Lady Macbeth style, "you brought me beer!" Hecuba, introduced to us in current "translations," of Euripides, is Mrs. Siddons sending tragically in the character of Lady Macbeth for her pot of beer.

Hecuba's excuse for herself is that she feels things so much more than other people feel them, which is what Mrs. Gummidge used to say. The fall of Troy, for instance! It was a most disconcerting event for the young ladies of the city and for the married women. They had just gone to bed after a grand ball, a few were still looking at their faces in hand-mirrors, when terrible yells arose in the streets. The Greeks had captured the city! Now look at these matrons and misses wondering who owns them as they weep on the shore in their night-



gowns. Hecuba interrupts them with assurances that she is so much worse off than anyone else. She persists in doing the talking when the herald comes to assign each lady to her new lord until at last the captives are compelled to remind the old hag that she has found out what is to become of her and it is now the turn of others to get similar information about themselves. After all, the fall of Troy was not more disagreeable to Hecuba than it was to the other women in town. Hecuba retorted with the words of Mrs. Gummidge. "I feel it more." The versions of Euripides supplied by Mrs. Gummidge when Hecuba is on the scene are far more faithful in letter and in spirit than those supplied by the professors. "I an't what I could wish myself to be," to quote Mrs. Gummidge. "I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles and they make me contrary. I wish I didn't feel 'em but I do. I wish I could be hardened to 'em but I an't." Like Mrs. Gummidge, Hecuba has been thinking of "the old 'un," that is, Priam. She saw him slain and she experiences a forlorn satisfaction in the circumstance that her evidence is not hearsay.

An artist less inspired than Euripides must have failed in a task as difficult as that of making Hecuba consistently ridiculous, persistently preposterous, inimitably imbecile. Her woes are endless and she revels in them no less exuberantly than she revels in the woes of Hector, in the woes of Cassandra, in the woes of Andromache. One by one, her sons are slain, enslaved, banished. Her daughters and her daughters-in-law echo in her ears their tales of atrocities and Hecuba takes up each horror with the proprietary feeling of the temperamental mourner. She insists upon doing everybody's grieving, partly because woe is her specialty and partly because she enjoys the opportunity of reminding them all how tremendous her own catastrophe is compared with theirs. Nowhere is there the slightest tragic relief from the inevitable and recurrent absurdity of Hecuba. Even her descriptions of her agony of mind are comical. For example, she longs, as she lies on her back, to sway her spine this way and that as if it were the keel of a ship, rolling now to larboard and now to starboard. Hecuba must make the anguish of Andromache ridiculous by clawing the earth as she interrupts with cries of "Oh!" and "My!" At the climax of her own anguish, Hecuba ventures to exclaim: "Oh! tut-tut-tut-tut!" One expects, as one reads, to get from her lips a classical equivalent of: "Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

Euripides succeeds with Hecuba in this style only because his genius is adequate to the portrayal of her wickedness. Age, it has been said, is a searching revelation of one's essential characteristics, and the essential characteristics of Hecuba are unblushing mendacity, remorseless cruelty and a boundless capacity for hate. She is destitute of spiritual insight. She is swayed by an egotism so immense that she is the sum and the centre of her own universe. All high-minded motives are to her inscrutable mysteries; but she detects meanness of motive with as keen a penetration as if she were a great psychologist. Hecuba has cunning. Her success in the achievement of a wicked purpose is dazzling. Her capacity to read the wanton heart, her clarity of vision into the seamy side of human nature and her incapacity to be shocked by any aspect of mortal depravity render Greek tragedy more tragical precisely because Hecuba makes herself so ridiculous.

Such is the she-devil over whom we are invited to grow pensive by Doctor Dryasdust, who observes in his critical commentaries that Hecuba could scarcely come on the scene, lie down and call upon herself to get up. The reply is that Hecuba is capable of anything absurd enough to fit the character of Mrs. Gummidge or wicked enough to suit the part of Jezebel. She has scant sympathy with Andromache's fidelity to the memory of Hector, telling the widow, indeed, to beguile her master with wiles because that must dispose him favourably to his concubine. She is sufficiently fertile in devious expedients to suggest sly courses to Agamemnon and to take advantage of his guilty passion for Cassandra to promote a fell design of

her own. Nowhere in Euripides is Hecuba found to be royal or womanly, generous or truthful. The sympathy invited from college students for the woes of this "mobled queen" is merely evidence of the success of the rankest imposture in all literature. The misconception originated in the striking fact that no Alexandrian scholiast could see a joke.

Hecuba enjoyed a joke immensely provided only it was cruel enough; and Euripides exploits that weakness of hers dramatically, grimly. He thus makes her odious in a situation that would cause the woes of any other woman to cry to Heaven, odious in the manner in which she chooses to avenge one of her countless sons, odious in her exultation over her own fiendish cleverness. The youngest of her breed had been smuggled out of Troy when things were at their worst to the court of a king married to a daughter of the she-devil. With the boy was sent a treasure. Priam, like many a king after him, foresaw the end of his power. He invested prudently abroad. The money in this instance, was entrusted to a rogue, Polymester, who invested the funds wisely but put the child to death when the fall of Troy became inevitable. The episode was one that enabled Hecuba to hold a dance of devils in her own soul before she set them on her victim. The false Polymester was lured to the pavilion of Hecuba.

She began by assuring him that she knew she was a lone lorn creetur' and that everythink went contrary with her. Next she asked him about that poor dear child and the rascal reported it well and happy. Hecuba whispered that she had more money for the honest man to invest, huge treasure secretly bestowed within. Polymester stole within and had his eyes put out. His sons were slain with him, for Hecuba, tearful, overwhelmed, refusing to get up from the ground, ever thinking of the old 'un, was determined to make her vengeance a masterpiece of cruelty. She devised a deed of wickedness with the creative originality and power of a great artist, all the time concealing her purpose behind the mask of her woe. Nothing can convey an idea of the æsthetic satisfaction she experienced when the victim of her vengeful purpose staggered out sightless from the dead bodies of his sons to receive the satirical sympathy of the she-devil's lady friends, all captives like herself and all in the secret of the sanguinary jest. Hecuba's one fear was that her victim might get a little timely nursing. Having satisfied herself that he wouldn't, she resumed her position on the floor and observed that she was a lone, lorn creetur' and that everythink went contrary with her.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

#### FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD!

*The other day (16 December, 1920) in the United States Senate, Mr. Thomas, the Democratic Senator from Colorado, took part in a discussion of a bill for the public protection of maternity and infancy. Little attention was paid at the time to the Senator's remarks and they were but scantily reported in the public press, but the following excerpts are sufficient to indicate that Senator Thomas's speech deserves something better than to be lost in the limbo of the Congressional Record.*

DURING the last twenty years the States and the Congress together have placed 79,000 laws upon their statute books, all of them designed to produce a better social and political condition by legislation.

The nation is not as happy now as it was twenty-five years ago. We are more discontented, more dissatisfied with our condition and that of the body politic, and therefore we are clamouring for more statutes, like the inebriate who, prior to the 16th day of last January, was prone to cure his malady by prolonging his debauch.

But in these days, the Treasury of the United States having long ago become the most attractive temptation in the world to all the people of the United States, both our actions and our purposes have revolved around that Treasury as the centre of practically 90 per cent of all our legislation. As a result, our States have become practically innocuous and irresponsible Commonwealths.



The lice in Egypt were scarcely thicker than the Federal employees of the United States, scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic, each representing in his own opinion the sovereignty and majesty of the Republic and sometimes making and enforcing his own rules upon the people, occasionally in harmony but frequently in conflict with statute law, thus making the city of Washington the county seat of practically every county in the United States.

The man who speaks of the United States to-day as a democracy either speaks hastily or in spite of the fact that this Government is a bureaucracy pure and simple.

What has not yet been bureaucratized will be before the Nation is five years older. I think I am safe in asserting that one-half of the bills that are enacted into law by Congress require for their operation and administration a bureau or a board or a commission, and once it is created it is immortal. It defies time, tides, and the threatening processes of political instability. It is here to stay, and any attempt to remove it is met by the opposition of the organized employees and representatives of it, backed by every other organization of similar character, with the result that we damn them in the cloakroom and vote for them in the Senate.

The lobby which Wilson is said to have destroyed in 1913 has been succeeded by 125 separate lobbies, political, racial, social, industrial, some of them sectional, every one of them having no concern whatever for the general welfare; no desire to decrease the expenditures of the Government, but determined by threats, by persuasion, by entreaty, or by other processes to secure for themselves and to defeat for others legislation in which they may be interested.

While we wish them in Tophet when we are in the cloakroom, we are going to sing their praises here upon the floor and tell them how anxious we have been here for years to vote for this and similar legislation.

What is a poor governor going to do when the representatives of thirty women's associations come to his office, gather around him with pleas and with tears, with flattery and with threats, and with suggestions regarding his ability and the need for re-electing him—what is he going to do?

I will guarantee that I can take any measure that has promise of an appropriation for local expenditure and I can get the support for it of practically all of the men and all of the women of the State where the money is to be expended. . . . we are no longer Senators; we are delegates; we are rubber stamps. . . . Leadership, statesmanship, originality of legislation, the standards of the Congress and of legislatures have been transformed, and when the whip cracks outside we get into line. This is bureaucracy in action. . . . We can now, under such pressure, easily pass a resolution in Congress dissolving the Union or declaring war against Great Britain or opening trade with the Bolsheviks or take any other action that seems to have behind it sufficient pressure of a potential political character.

There used to be a play when I was a young man called 'Mulberry Sellers in the Gilded Age,' the chief character in which always ended his rhapsodical statement to his friends, 'I go in for the old flag and an appropriation.' So did we; we stand when we hear the music of the Star-Spangled Banner and proclaim our 100 per cent Americanism, and support all the appropriation bills for which we get a chance to vote.

Millions of dollars are only chicken-feed for us in these days.

We can not legislate for the financial benefit of one class of people and refuse to legislate for another—indeed, we should not do it—for, once the Government enters entirely into the scheme of paternalism, the equality of man will be more manifest in appeals to Congress than it ever has been heretofore.

. . . Unless our taxes are diminished, and sensibly diminished, in the next four years, millions of votes which were cast last fall for the Republican ticket will be cast against it when the next presidential election comes around, for we have educated the people, Mr. President, by yielding to their wants, to believe that the Government is the source of all their misfortunes, of all their evils, and of all their misery; therefore, that the Government is capable by legislation to heal their misfortunes, to replenish their wealth, and to restore to them, at any time we see fit to do it, their prosperity.

As I stated at the outset, I know that I have been wasting my fragrance on the desert air. . . only a meagre half dozen of Senators have done me the honour to listen, even in part, to what I have said.

## THE THEATRE.

### THE THEATRICAL HINTERLAND.

ONE of the lesser ironies of the American theatre is the flattering use of the terms "commercial manager" and "theatrical business" to describe the trade of the temperamental entrepreneurs of Broadway. There is no gainful occupation in America, unless it is the movies, where ordinary care, foresight, precaution—that is, the surface technique of acquisitiveness—are so thoroughly ignored. There is enough of the business man in our theatrical producers to vanquish art, but not enough to protect the future of their industry against the exploitation of the present time. The neck of the goose must be half severed, it seems, before they recall the story of the golden eggs.

There are signs that the managers have at last noticed that the touring system is, if not dead, at least in a state of coma. After a dozen years of draining its life-blood with second-rate companies of extraordinary incompetence, the managers have observed that the system's reflexes are bad. They have even started to devise plans for restoring its nourishment.

For the past decade the managers have been bidding up the costs of production in New York by seeking to secure every element in a play that is likely to make for success. The rewards of Broadway have justified extravagance, even though the application of directive brains might have served just as well. With "good will" once established, the managers have sent their successes on tour as economically as possible. They have watered the original cast or substituted a wholly new one. The response of the road-public has grown less as the merchandise has deteriorated. In the face of smaller returns the managers have had to meet steadily-increasing railway rates; and they have not been able to advance the prices of admission more than twenty or twenty-five per cent, while the dollar has dropped fifty per cent in value.

All this has happened during the years of the movies' great growth. Playgoers, disillusioned with the theatre because of inferior productions, have found the motion-picture with its honest ability to advertise "the original cast" a not impossible substitute. As a result, hundreds of theatres in cities ranging from one-night-stand size to places as large as Detroit have dropped legitimate productions and turned to the films. This has further complicated the problem of booking successful tours.

The situation in the Middle West and in the South has grown so bad that the heads of one of the big booking "syndicates" have begun work on a plan for reorganizing the whole system of production. Their scheme entails giving up altogether the few remaining towns where plays can be booked for one, two or three nights. Instead, it proposes to group forty theatres, located in towns of over a hundred thousand inhabitants, into a circuit where engagements will be for one week or longer. To secure the allegiance of the owners of local theatres by doing something towards reawakening popular interest in theatre-going, this plan would guarantee the appearance of the original New York cast in every play booked. To do this, the producers would have to put all their players under long-term contracts, and thus tend to break down the growing desire of the better actors not to leave New York. The scheme also involves the use of these players during the summer in the making of motion-picture versions of the plays of the year before. Four or five years after the theft of the horse, the owners have evolved a fairly plausible scheme for his identification and recovery. How late the commercial managers have been in understanding their plight, may be gathered from the fact that in many, many of the cities involved, it will be necessary to find new capital to build new theatres.

Such a scheme of salvage may be possible. There may even be the foresight, courage and devotion in the American theatre to carry it out; but there are signs in plenty that the remedy comes too late. Such a scheme will certainly not reduce the costs of productions; and these have



grown so great that only the play with a very unusual popular appeal can make speculative profits even in New York. Producers of the intelligent drama can no longer put on a play for a brief run in New York and finish out the season with a road tour, as Mrs. Fiske used to do with Ibsen's plays. Managers like Arthur Hopkins have practically given up the road. His best plays, even though they have made money in New York, have failed on the road; "A Successful Calamity" is an excellent example. John D. Williams sent out John Barrymore in "Justice" after its success in New York, and the road could not muster a corporal's guard to see him; and this year he has had the same experience with "Beyond the Horizon." "John Ferguson" lost money on the road, and so "Jane Clegg" is very unlikely to tour. Of the many excellent plays produced last season that managed to reach their especial public, which New York holds, only "Declassée," supported by Ethel Barrymore's name; "The Passion Flower," aided by Nance O'Neil; "Clarence," and "Abraham Lincoln," with their very exceptional reputations, are likely to tour successfully this year. Neither St. Louis nor Keokuk will see "Beyond the Horizon," "The Letter of the Law," "The Power of Darkness," "Jane Clegg," "Too Many Husbands," or "Richard III" as John Barrymore acted it; unless, of course, these outer cities should fall back on their own resources, create local theatres with local companies, and build up an audience along with adequate productions of these plays. It is my own feeling that the future of the road lies with theatres quite as distinctly local as those up and down Broadway have become. Actors, playwrights, and critics have long urged the repertory theatre upon reluctant America. Economic necessity is urging it still more strongly; so strongly, in fact, that Marc Klaw, one of the founders of the original booking syndicate, frankly forecasts the day when local companies, augmented occasionally by visiting players of note, will revive the "star-stock" system of an older day, while managers of his own type will depend wholly on Broadway. The day which Mr. Klaw predicts, when the ownership of two or three theatres by each management brings New York's total to a hundred or so, will find these producers tending naturally to the organization of something very closely approaching stock companies of their own. The era of the Empire and Lyceum companies and of Daly's and Wallack's will return. That is the route to economy of production and the winning of a profitable clientele. Without economy, and without a clientele, there is no solution to the impasse of Broadway and the road.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

## MISCELLANY.

WE hear little of India in these days when Ireland pre-empted the front page, but this extract from a letter that a Hindu friend of mine has just received from an Indian leader suggests that the struggle of 315,000,000 people for self-determination is as acute as ever: "Gandhi is just now supreme in the country and he does not care for work abroad. His party is opposed to spending any money on foreign propaganda. The country is in the throes of a great struggle and it is difficult to spare either men or money. . . . This is the time for every Indian to be at home and doing. . . . We are carrying on an intensive propaganda for immediate responsible government for India and there are people who break no bones for British connexion at all. The country is astir, and the government has inaugurated repressive measures."

I WONDER how many thousands of acres of good forest have been cleared so that our professional historians might have enough paper on which to make themselves famous. Ream after ream of the most excellent quality pours forth every hour from our presses covered with the results of the scientific historical labours of American professors, and the stacks in our libraries and in the book-sellers' shops are piled high with new histories every day. But somehow the result of all this prodigious

activity is a public indifference to history as vast and as deep as the turbulent ocean which separates our sterile historians from the home of M. Jacques Boulanger. These melancholy thoughts have been induced in me by my reading of M. Boulanger's "The Seventeenth Century" in the "National History of France" series, edited by Professor Funck-Brentano and published in New York by Messrs. Putnam. Somehow all our American efficiency can not compass the leisurely humanity of such works as this, or thus bring the past to life again in our minds. What is the reason for our failure?

As I see it, the root of the trouble may be stated thus: Europe is (or was before it committed suicide) covered with a multitude of little cities, each of which, in bygone days, served as the cultural centres for a certain recognized political and intellectual region. But the railway has destroyed this old tradition. Bluntly put, Berlin and Paris and Rome are driving Jena and Bordeaux and Bologna out of business. With their almost unlimited funds, their well-equipped laboratories and, most of all, their international prestige, the capital cities attract many who in the old days would have stayed within the confines of their own province. But, thank the Lord, tradition dies hard and these small universities still continue to produce a few scholars who combine the learning of Lavis with the charm of M. Bergeret. These smaller institutions do not burden their professors with the unnecessary ballast of elementary pedagogics. They pay them little money but give them unlimited leisure. Best of all, they hold out a reward for faithful and conspicuous service—the respect, rather than the pitying contempt, of the professor's fellow-citizens. This is the *milieu* that gives birth to such men as Boulanger and to their work. Without such a *milieu*, perhaps, the French histories of the future will be as dreary as is our own "Story of the Nations" series.

"I NEVER take the back trail." That, according to Mr. Hamlin Garland, summed up the creed of his father and of all the pioneers. In the creative sphere, the sons of the pioneers never take anything else. But wait for the grandsons! They are beginning to remember again.

"In art as in life," said Oscar Wilde, "the law of heredity holds good. *On est toujours fils de quelqu'un.*" And some one, as a rule, of one's own race. Consider Mr. Booth Tarkington. "Mr. Tarkington," his biographer tells us, "began his friendship with Riley, a neighbour, when he was about eleven years old, and he acknowledges that the spirit of Riley has exercised over him a strong, if often unconsciously felt, influence all his life." And the result? "Mr. Tarkington's interpretation of the creature, boy, has a weird quality; and, one has an uncanny feeling, his studies in boy psychology call for some sort of pathological explanation. In effect, his analysis of the utterly mad workings of the boy's mind and the throbbing of his inflamed nerves is as if a boy himself had suddenly become endowed with the faculty of thinking it out aloud." A correct intuition, which can be verified by any student of arrested development. Like father, like son. Riley's doctrine was that "the baddest children are better than the gooddest men"; with that, and the Blue Jeans philosophy in general, why should Mr. Tarkington have troubled to outgrow the point of view of the freshman? . . . Another of the gathering responsibilities of the American writer—not to forget that he is going to be an ancestor.

It is only the instructed soul who represents the present. The crowd is the soul of the future in the body of the past.

A MAN who has the courage of his platitudes is always a successful man. The wise man is ashamed to pronounce in an orphic manner what everybody knows, and from his silence people think that he is making sport of them. They like a man to express their own superficiality in an



apparently profound manner. This enables them to believe themselves profound.

SUNDAY is the best day for observing people. For on that day they are not about their business and we see what they are as human beings. They stand in repose with all the marks of their activity blended into an average. We see then how little fitted most men are for leisure, that is for being themselves, and that their lives of incessant activity can not reasonably be regarded as a preparation for anything.

No one was ever more completely an artist than Edward Gibbon. This is evident from the nonchalance with which, in the presence of his one work, he threw overboard the three most important issues of life—love, religion and politics. Love: "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." Politics: "I lacked the necessary prejudices of party and of nation." Religion: "I humbly acquiesced"—for six months.

I WAS interested to observe that the anthropological section of the British Association, at a recent meeting, took into its purview the college yell of the Cardiff University students, a yell which I presume is modelled after the approved American pattern. One learned professor gave it, as his opinion, that the cry was full of very interesting ethnographic elements, and had not been fully developed. "I think," he said, "its origin can be found among the Hurons of North America and the tribes of South Africa; possibly the war yells of the Matabele suggested some connexion." On the other hand the distinguished president of the section, Professor Karl Pearson, expressed the view that the origin of all college yells might be found in the matrimonial call of the primitive anthropoids. Professor Pearson, as everyone knows, is an authority on questions of this kind, but I can not help wondering why the anthropoids should make so much noise over the simple matter of marriage; most college yells in my judgment at any rate, are calculated to scare all thought of matrimony out of the most amorous orang-outang who ever cracked a nut.

JOURNEYMAN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### THE CHOICE FOR ITALIAN SOCIALISM.

SIRS: Fat old Rome smiles in the sunshine of these winter days; a surplus of neat-limbed, smoothly-clad young women parade past the grey walls of history and the glittering vulgarities of the facetious present; peacock officers; Fiats full of *pescecani*; crowds of monks—black, red, grey, brown monks, bearded like Israelites or shaven from chin to crown; newspapers for everyone's prejudice, pouring off the presses from early morning until the seven o'clock edition of the *Avanti!*; cafés everywhere for the slothful, who talk and talk. Everybody talks and talks. Rome drowns under a blue sky and blinks to the constant murmur of talk. Bolshevism, socialism, exchange, the price of bread, even d'Annunzio. Parliament, full of Socialists, sets a pace for the talkers and does naught else. There is a curious optimism prevalent. To-morrow it will be better. To-morrow the *lire* will be worth twenty cents, American, instead of three and a half; to-morrow there will be peace in the world; to-morrow the revolution may be made painlessly. In the Communist North the young Bordiga leads the work of building a Communist party.

After the Socialist party convention in Florence (28 December to 4 January) will come a Communist party, led by hard-headed revolutionaries convinced that the time for debate has passed. It will be—it already has been, in fact—recognized by Moscow as orthodox. It will look with tolerant indifference upon the activities of the *politicos* and will bend all its energy and strength to the task of capturing sufficient industrial power to swing the revolution. The convention of Florence will dig a bottomless pit between the talkers and the doers. That much is certain. Their marriage in the party has been quite sterile. They tried hard enough to get along together. They succeeded by amiably doing nothing, the Lefts nullifying the efforts of the Rights, and vice versa. But divorce is a harsh and painful thing. The party's unity was an exemplary accomplishment, a living refutation of the tiresomely accurate

theories of Moscow. It seems a shame to smash it; it seems poor reward for the party-leaders who have laboured these many years for just such a unity. But both Left and Right are in a mood to agree to disagree, and the numerically powerful Centre—the conciliating "Unitarians"—can lump it. Rome talks of all this; in the Chicagoes and Pittsburghs of the industrial North there is intensive action.

In October in Florence, you may remember, the reformists and centrists of the party, led by the lawyer Modigliani, a Jew, long in service, intelligent, respected, conservative—by D'Aragona of the Confederation, by Turati, Treves, Dugoni, etc., met to decide their course at the December convention. They decided, of course, to wait and see; euphemistically and equivocally they accepted the idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat; they conceded, in a word, just enough to keep abreast of the men they are supposed to be leading. In November, also in Florence, the "Unitarians" discussed their plans for shoving the party, intact, to the Left, and so instructed their leaders—Vella, former secretary of the party, Serrati, Allesandre, Frola, Bacci.

The caucus of the Communist faction at Imola has just ended. It was dominated by Deputy Bombacci and Amedea Bordiga, this latter, a Neapolitan, still in his early thirties, a first-rate engineer, an indifferent orator, dynamic, cool, and a hog for work, if the stories of his admirers may be believed. In Rome they credit him with the well-known revolutionary eighteen-hour work-day. Bombacci, with his full beard, his long coat, his mild, clear eyes, and his wide, black hat, is a picturesque figure, possessor of a calm dignity that is impressive, and an orator.

The Communist convention split at first into two factions; one captained by the deputy Graziadei, which in response to the invitation brought from the "Unitarians" by Vella, declared itself ready for an alliance between the "Unitarians" and the Communists for the capture of the party, expelling the Right elements in the process; the second, captained by Bombacci and Bordiga, declared with "maximum intransigence" their loyalty to the Leninist programme *in toto* and announced that they would under no circumstances affiliate with any group that did not pledge itself completely and at any cost to the Third Internationale. Bordiga's motion, adopted by the convention, declares for the complete observation of Zinovieff's twenty-one conditions and for the expulsion from the Socialist party of all the Centrist and Rightist elements. The Graziadei-Vella faction resolved finally that the differences existed solely in the tactics desired at the Florence convention and affirmed the separation of Communists and Social Democrats to be supremely necessary for the victory of the Communist programme. Thus the Communist faction will enter the forthcoming all-party convention compactly organized, prepared to force acceptance of their clean-cut programme of revolution or quit the party, and preferring to quit the party so as to be left free to begin anew unhampered by the heterogeneity that emasculated the present party organization. It will be a duel between Serrati and Bombacci.

If the inevitable party-split between the Social Democrats and the Communists be accomplished with neatness and dispatch and with no great immediate reaction upon the life of the nation, the internecine war promised for the industrial organizations may be long and bitter. The Confederation of Labour is led by men of the Right and Centre. The Communists demand nothing less than the immediate annulment of the existing pact of alliance with the Confederation of Labour. They appeal to the revolutionary proletarian organizations outside the Confederation to get into it for the one purpose of assisting in the struggle to capture the executive for the Communists; they call upon the militant, extremist organizations within the Confederation to follow orders from Communist headquarters only. The capture of the Confederation would mean, it is explained, immediate separation from the "yellow secretariat" of Amsterdam and adhesion to the *Syndicale* section of the Third Internationale with the "modality" prescribed by it. All this, as the conservative press predicts, means "a furious struggle with our biggest proletarian organization, the consequences of which are to-day absolutely incalculable."

Thus, slowly, Italy moves toward revolution; by familiar steps and not all-at-once and painlessly. In countless villages the peasants march under the red flag to occupy and work the acres of the big owners; in Sicily the old war between landless peasants and the *mafia* of the agents of the absentee-owners becomes more intense with mutual killings; the recently elected Socialist mayors of villages and towns (there are more than 2000 of them) decide in convention at Milan to "abstain" from flying the National colours on prescribed feast days and to raise the red flag on all days of proletarian celebrations; in Rome at night soldiers set up search-light ap-



paratus and alternately stab the darkness of radiating streets with a shaft of light that for all its brightness is a poor substitute for the customary electric illumination now denied by the strike of the powerhouse workers; butter and milk and eggs are for the *pescecani* only; the cost of living is six times what it was before the war. Despite all this the revolution seems a long way off, and not even the most optimistic Communist will risk a prophecy. They are only certain that it is coming and that if it can be hastened Bordiga and Bombacci will hasten it. The split between the Social Democrats and the Communists will hasten it and incidentally shape the whole movement into a more familiar and understandable pattern. I am, etc.,

Rome, 3 December, 1920.

NORMAN H. MATSON.

#### THE PROLETARIAN ON THE FARM.

SIRS: I was much interested in Mr. Burton Rascoe's article in your issue of 22 December, entitled "The Agricultural Proletarian," and also in his letter "Cheating the Farmer" in the same issue. The conditions described by Mr. Rascoe in his letter explain, in part, the existing intellectual condition of the farmer in Oklahoma. While in Oklahoma several years ago, I once asked a prominent banker how great an interest-rate could be demanded. He replied: "That depends on one man's greed and the other man's necessities." Mr. Rascoe fails to mention the fact of *peonage*. Peonage existed in the part of Oklahoma where I was, but the term was used only in private conversation. Negroes were excluded from the county but I heard frequent references to such and such a man's peon. A young married man with a small family, originally from Blackhawk county, Iowa, told me with much grief that he was kept in debt and it was legally an impossibility to escape. If he ran away his debt was compounded and he was condemned to the "chain gang" if caught. He was said to be the peon of a prominent former banker, an all-round financial shark, and superintendent of a Sunday School. When last I heard of this latter citizen, he had graduated from the small town and had opened a fine saloon in Kansas City.

I should like to suggest that when Mr. Rascoe next studies the agricultural proletariat he should visit North Dakota, of which he may have heard. I can assure him that many of the farmers not only know what a proletarian means but can detect and call by name the bourgeoisie. Mr. Rascoe might indeed find an apparent "hayseed" who could interest him in æsthetic, economic and sociological discussion. North Dakota farmers have been informed on such problems from a practical standpoint by the recent president of the College of Agriculture, who has just been elected to Congress—this in a State which once ranked third in high interest-rates, and which recently had a slush-and-betting-fund for the purpose of capturing the State for the reactionaries. In a town not far from here containing approximately one thousand inhabitants, prominent business men were offering bets up to \$1500 against the Non-partisan League candidates. Betting, in North Dakota, automatically disqualifies the voter by law. An acquaintance who threw away his vote to get "easy money" told me these people "had a roll that would choke a cow," to use his picturesque expression. The agricultural proletariat of North Dakota will bear study. I am, etc.,

Fullerton, N. D.

JOEL HENRY GREENE.

#### ÆSTHETIC CRITERIA.

SIRS: One of the obvious facts of our time is the almost complete dilution and vitiation of language. Words are persistently used whose edges have been so blurred by subjective rather than objective application as no longer to hold any power either to image or communicate objective realities. There is, of course, much forced awareness of this in social and political thinking. Concepts like democracy, liberty, self-determination, are not thrown around in disinterested discussion without definition. But in the realm of those other media through which human energy channels—the so-called Arts—a realm in which that necessity of definition seems to be less urgent, the objective method is still seldom to be found. By the objective method I mean that which seeks to illumine a particular thing by relating it to other forms of energy.

That æsthetic qualities and quantities can be in that way assayed, has been pleasantly suggested in Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's "Musical Portraits," Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" and in "Our America" by Mr. Waldo Frank. Here are serious attempts to qualify and illumine musical and literary expression by an examination of their relationship to social and psychological factors. It is a method which removes these phenomena from a sanctified

and therefore quite meaningless isolation, opens up new ways of re-vitalizing their respective terminologies and suggests a fresh orientation of æsthetic criteria.

But in the matter of painting, sculpture and photography all evidence of such objective attack is conspicuous by its absence, and no more so than in the recent articles in your columns by Mr. Walter Pach, both in his treatment of "Art in America" in the issues of 10 and 17 November, as well as in "A Modern Artist" in the issue of 8 December. Mr. Pach's approach is merely a typical one which seeks by its very nature to substitute subjective assertions for objective suggestions, and thus leads Mr. Pach into using meaningless terms that are indicative of the loosest kind of thinking. It led him for instance, in "Art in America," to talk of "art standards"—"a better art level," as though such things actually exist, and to assert that "The painting of Albert P. Ryder is one of the genuine and beautiful things of the nineteenth century. And to-day we have Mr. Prendergast whose work is worthy of a place in any collection of modern art." That is, "genuine and beautiful" to Mr. Pach, "worthy" in his opinion, the mere fact of which can be of no particular interest to anybody, because what we want to know is why they are so, what are the qualities in their work which are expressive of our world, and how are these qualities related to our lives. Possibly it was just this unthinking subjectivity which caused Mr. Pach in an article called "Art in America" casually to mention just four men, three of whom are dead. His mention of Ryder and Prendergast (apparently Inness and Wyant merely bring excessive prices) is as if in an article on "Literature in America" only Walt Whitman and Brander Matthews were spoken of. But in the plastic arts anything is still apparently possible no matter how absurd it may be.

To be sure, Mr. Pach does refer to "a few of the younger men who are striving . . . and achieving solid results," but he refrains from mentioning their names. Who are these men? What are the solid results they are achieving in terms of to-day? That would seem to be precisely what we need to know. Are they, among the painters, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, Georgia O'Keeffe, Demuth and Sheeler, possibly Mr. Pach himself; among the sculptors, Lachaise and Nadelman, and in photographic expression Stieglitz and myself? If so, what are they achieving in objective terms? Or if it is not these, then who are they and what are they doing? Mr. Pach certainly knows the work of most of the men I mention, but if he has not seen the paintings of Miss O'Keeffe or the photographs of Stieglitz, which have not been publicly shown for some time, and without which any discussion of art in America is incomplete, he can easily do so. Such a critical discussion would possibly do more for the public which Mr. Pach wishes to educate, more also for all "artists" in America, than superficial speculation upon the potential æsthetic value of machinery, lamentations about the paucity of sales, and the hard lot of the artist, or expressions of faith in "the deathless spirit" which is to "sweep through all the mass of mankind."

In Mr. Pach's later article, "A Modern Artist," we are again reminded that the latest fashions—Cézanning, Gauguining, and Van Goghing are still with us. Certainly there is no easier or more pleasant indoor sport than discovering "the giants of our time" twenty years after they are dead, sometimes even, after they have been discovered. Easier possibly than discovering them twenty years before. Mr. Pach re-discovers Van Gogh, "by competent critics long since acclaimed" but again gives us little more than his personal enthusiasm. There are a few anecdotes from Van Gogh's letters which, taken from the text, are not particularly profound or stimulating. In addition we are given Mr. Pach's subjective reactions in these terms: "His painting has that distinguishing quality of art—the power to incorporate the spectator with the producer and to give the former the illusion of possessing the eyes and mind that gave it birth." As a piece of thinking this is pretty bad, as an æsthetic criterion it is absurd. How many people are there who are incorporated by anything or who think that they are incorporated by anything, from a chromo to the covers of the *Police Gazette* or by any other examples of American pulchritude, from J. Francis Murphy to Van Gogh, or even by a photograph by Stieglitz? To quote Mr. Pach again: "whose art reveals what miracles are possible to those who have the power to follow the accumulated wisdom of the race and which we call instinct" and "The pictures before us are among the great things of a century. To-day, the feeling of most people tells them this." Subjective assertions both, for what would a psychologist say to such a definition of "instinct"—what would a psycho-analyst say about "the feeling of most people"?

Yet it would be valuable to know, if only as a matter of direction, something more objective about "the great things



of a century"—their relationship to other human factors in which that greatness must consist, and their relationship to to-day, more particularly to "Art in America." I say again, such an examination would be invaluable both to the public and to those of us who are working with various media. But anything else means nothing and only throws more mud into the æsthetic puddle. I am, etc.,  
New York City.

PAUL STRAND.

## BOOKS.

### THE RE-EDITING OF SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the recent printers' strikes certain scared employers announced that the type-setters were planning to form committees which were to exercise a censorship over the matter they set up. Mr. M. A. Bayfield of Clare College, Cambridge, a well-known editor of Greek plays, would doubtless agree with these employers that the idea was a horrible one, but he would point out that it was not precisely new. For he has lately proposed a complete new recension of Shakespeare's plays,<sup>1</sup> a recension made necessary, in his view, for almost exactly that same reason: that the copiers and the type-setters of Shakespeare's day had their own ideas of what was proper for them to set up, and insisted upon exercising an editorial supervision over the matter contained in their "takes."

As the title of Mr. Bayfield's book suggests, this revision is of the metre rather than the matter of the plays, although in some cases the one implies the other, and there is no doubt that in the prosecution of his task Mr. Bayfield will have occasion to offer new solutions of many of the well-discussed "cruxes" that have troubled editors ever since critical texts of Shakespeare were attempted. Since any attempt to meddle with the Shakespearean text will open the flood-gates of conservative wrath, it may be well to say at the outset that the author of this book has done nothing so very revolutionary after all. His work may be compared with the Poet Laureate's study of Milton's prosody, with this difference, that Mr. Bayfield does not develop an original view of metre—as Mr. Bridges does—and that he is dealing with a text incomparably more corrupt than Milton's, and for that reason he has to carry his inquiry to a further point than had Mr. Bridges.

To begin with what is universally admitted, Shakespeare's text is undoubtedly corrupt. At times, it reads as if it had been written by a man with a very poor ear for verse—and this in plays that are undoubtedly the poet's own workmanship. The immense number of suggestions and improvements made by innumerable editors may be seen when one glances over a variorum edition of any one of the plays. Mr. Bayfield's point is that the first of these alterations in Shakespeare's texts were made in his own day, and these are what Mr. Bayfield now seeks to undo. These changes were made because the printers who set up Shakespeare's work and the transcribers who transcribed it knew what they were dealing with. They were dealing with blank verse, and they knew what blank verse was. It was verse written in lines of ten syllables with stresses on alternate syllables. To be sure, there were certain licenses permissible. You might begin with a stressed syllable instead of an unstressed one. But if you had a syllable too many in your line you must elide it. To vary the line much more than that was to be guilty of impropriety, to betray yourself as one who could only

sing in native wood-notes wild, and could not keep time—the offence for which Ben Jonson declared that Donne deserved hanging.

Now this view of blank verse has come down to the present day. Even a radical poet, Miss Amy Lowell, in a recent number of *The Musical Quarterly*, speaks of lines "with one syllable too many for proper scanning," and in all the more conservative textbooks scansion of verse is made a matter of syllable. The reason for this, of course, is that English blank verse is taken over from French sources, and the only rule which its earlier writers knew was the rule of counting syllables. Whether Shakespeare counted his syllables or not is the first question that Mr. Bayfield meets. Certainly his editors have thought that if Shakespeare did not count them he at least ought to have done so, and so when we open their texts at random we find lines like:

With old odd ends stolne out of holy writ.

or

If Hamlet from himself be tane away  
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,  
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Note how the weak "tane" robs Hamlet's speech of the dignity which its character and occasion demand. Give the word its full pronunciation and note the improvement. This effort to regularize Shakespeare has gone so far that Goswin Koenig, cited by Mr. Bayfield as the accepted authority at present of the disyllabists, gives, in his "Der Vers in Shaksperes Dramen" a list of necessary pronunciations of which Hel'na for Helena, wom'nish for womanish, app'tite for appetite, are mild examples, and our English authority Abbott, in his Shakespearean Grammar, asks us to pronounce a certain line:

To ev'ry sev'ral man se'nty-five ducats.

When we remember that this is dramatic poetry—that it is primarily to be heard and not read, the effects of taking this sort of thing seriously are the opposite of serious. Mr. Bayfield doubts, for instance, whether Shakespeare ever intended Cornelius to say of the Queen in "Cymbeline": "The eels she hatched were not effected"; for in speech the apostrophe—e'ils for evils—showing elision could not, of course, be rendered.

Thus doubting, Mr. Bayfield has gone back to the quartos and folios—the latter usually being printed from the worst versions of the former, and the latter, too, being our sole authority for twenty of the plays—with the result that he finds that those texts which are usually considered to come most directly from the hands of the dramatist have by far the fewer abbreviations. Thus in "Julius Cæsar," there are remarkably few abbreviations and it is the general opinion of scholars that the Folio of this play was set up from an actual Shakespeare holograph, or at least from a good copy of one—and not from a quarto.

That this chaos of abbreviations was the work of the printer or copyist and not of the author, Mr. Bayfield proves by an independent examination of the typography of Ben Jonson's "Sejanus" although his examination of that play leads him to the conclusion that Elizabethan printers often used the apostrophe not to indicate a spoken elision but to call attention to the fact that there was an extra syllable in the foot. Thus Jonson's printer sets up a line:

He's the noblest Romane, where he takes—

and Jonson—who, it is known, corrected his own proofs—let this and many similar lines pass—lines

<sup>1</sup>"A Study of Shakespeare's Versification." M. A. Bayfield. New York: The Macmillan Company.



where a disyllabic reading is metrically impossible. The obvious implication is that Jonson did not regard the apostrophe as shortening pronunciation.

But assuming that the printers were in some cases trying to reduce the line to normal, and in others were using the apostrophe as a signal, the fact remains that later editors have fallen into the habit of trying to make all the lines disyllabic. The effect is to rob Shakespeare's lines of the very feature in them which he progressively developed. His early plays show few resolutions of the disyllabic foot and their number increases in an almost constant ratio as the poet progresses in his art.

Mr. Bayfield is able to show in a very curious way that this increase was the result of conscious artifice as Shakespeare learns his technique. Mr. Bayfield points out that so far from being lawlessly used, Shakespeare's foot resolutions tend to group themselves into four types of lyric measures that are close equivalents of the four types of Greek measures known as the Pherecratean and Glyconic. These four and two of Shakespeare's own invention are constantly met with, embedded in the blank verse and giving it a lyrical quality that distinguishes it from any of its author's contemporaries or successors—except Swinburne. But, of course, the disyllabic scansion hides this fact. One has not space here in which to illustrate these measures scansionally, but if the reader thinks that the discovery is merely fanciful he may be reminded that the occurrence of the Greek sapphic measure in English blank verse is a commonplace. Here, for instance, is an example cited by Mr. Bayfield:

If you turn not you will return the sooner.

Mr. Robert Bridges even goes so far as "confidently to guess" that the five foot metres of our blank verse line originally came from the Sapphic.

That, inadequately illustrated, however, is Mr. Bayfield's argument. A reading of his versions alongside the versions taken from quarto and folio sources will leave no doubt in most readers' minds that his readings are the most musical and the nearest to Shakespeare's intentions; having in every case much more dramatic force than the clipped readings.

But unfortunately Mr. Bayfield has stated his case in a manner which will inevitably arouse great prejudice against it; if, indeed, it is not fair to say that he has reached his right conclusions by a wrong method. Rightly assuming that our old method of syllable scansion had led us to mutilate Shakespeare's text, Mr. Bayfield adopts a method which has grave disadvantages of its own. He realizes that what makes the line of verse rhythmical is the fact that its beats—the beat usually being marked by an accented syllable—are separated by equal intervals of time, and in order to show this, he always begins his foot with the accented syllable, i. e., he scans trochaically. Now it is true that the equal time interval is the *sine qua non* of English verse, but it is not true that trochaic scansion is the best way to indicate it. Mr. Bayfield apparently thinks that his system is the only alternative to the old syllabic scansion, and so, in a previous book, "The Measures of the Poets," he has devoted much space to knocking down that straw horse, apparently unaware that the valuable part of his own theory of scansion has already been worked out by Mr. T. S. Ormond in his "Study of Metre"—which, one is glad to say, is now in print in a new edition after being unobtainable for some years.

That Mr. Bayfield's system has its own fallacies

and pitfalls may be seen from a simple example: the iambic scansion of a common type of line is as follows:

That my / keen knife / see not / the wound / it makes.

That line is verse, because each of the marked off groups is isochronous, the metrical accent being at the end of each group. But many lines of blank verse begin with a trochee—to use the conventional term—and the old practice was to scan them thus:

What is / amiss? / You are, / and do / not know / it.

Mr. Bayfield rightly points out that, as scanned above, the beats do not come at regular intervals, and so the line is not metrical. He therefore scans it:

What is a / miss?— / You are and / do not / know it.

where the dash represents a pause (sometimes on the syllable or often by a silence). The advantages he claims for his system are that the beats are indicated at their proper intervals, and that it shows the so-called feminine or hypermetrical ending to be simply a metrical part of the line. But what Mr. Bayfield gains at one end he loses at the other, for his scansion of the line already quoted is necessarily:

That my / keen knife—see not the / wound it / makes.

By beginning his foot with the accented syllable he leaves out of the line, metrically considered, the two first syllables. These he calls an anacrusis (generally one syllable alone is cut off, but in the case where two syllables are cut off he calls it a double anacrusis, and it would occur whenever a poet begins a rising metre line with an anapæst). But having made hypermetrical two syllables that the poet certainly did not think of as a mere "upbeat" he has destroyed the real isochrony of the line and consequently he is reduced to the desperate expedient of lengthening the word "keen" into a monosyllabic foot and eking out the next foot with a pause. It destroys the real metre of the line. Nor is such scansion ever necessary, for the line which Mr. Bayfield gives as a sample of the impossibility of the traditional system can be scanned very easily if the scansion is done on a time rather than on a syllable basis, and the first and third feet regarded as "truncated iambs," thus:

—What / is amiss? / —You / are and do / not know / it.

Mr. Bayfield has objected to the truncated iambic on the ground that an actor saying the line could not indicate a pause before he began to speak it. But the obvious reply to this is that a system of scansion, unlike the actual reading, is not addressed to the ear, but is used as a visual convenience for purposes of discussion on paper.

No, Mr. Bayfield's system—avowedly built up in ignorance of Sidney Lanier's more logical treatment of the same idea—is a hindrance to the general acceptance of his whole thesis, however much it may have helped him in his own tabulations. The same results that he obtains could have been obtained just as easily by Mr. Ormond's method of dealing with metrical questions, and they are, as a matter of fact, adumbrated by the Poet Laureate in his treatment of Milton's prosody. In Shakespeare as well as Milton, says Mr. Bridges, the actual verse was constituted by stress and the scansion by syllables was a fiction. Mr. Bridges has elaborated a system of prosody in which the time unit is replaced by a stress unit (though the ignoring of time is the bad feature of the system), and his rules, if applied to Shakespeare's verse, would probably have given us almost precisely the readings which Mr. Bayfield gives us. But the subject is too



polemical for any further attempt to treat it briefly and without the necessary qualifications.

So we return to the actual achievement, which is the ironing out of those elisions from Shakespeare's plays which are not required by the rhythm but hurt it. In an appendix to his volume Mr. Bayfield gives us a complete new text of "Antony and Cleopatra" and it is understood that he is preparing a complete recension of all the plays. It is to be hoped that before definitive publication, he will submit it to scholars who share with him the conviction that Shakespeare did not wish his verse clipped, but who do not share his conviction that all English verse is in 3-8 time, trochaically scanned. For such an undertaking as Mr. Bayfield's should be the result of a consensus rather than of one man's reading, if it is to obtain that measure of popular and academic support to which it is indubitably entitled.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

### NOVELS WITH A PURPOSE.

IN "POTTERISM"<sup>1</sup> Miss Macaulay has sketched for us a clever, amusing and, on the whole, convincing picture of the state of the British mind during and immediately after the war. Her book pushes as close to the current hour as it can without lapsing into mere journalism. It appears to deal not so much with this or that character as with the two main elements into which the whole British public—and also our own—is supposed to divide itself: the emotional "Potterite" majority, who stand for "commerce, success, and the booming of the second-rate," and whose essential bent is "to go for things for what they will bring you, what they lead to, instead of for the thing-in-itself," and the intellectual "anti-Potterite" minority. But these elements tend irresistibly to become individually embodied in types of greater or less significance, and thus we arrive by a natural process of elimination at Arthur Gideon, the Jewish rebel, thinker, theorizer, who symbolizes the rational brain as opposed to the sentimental heart, reality as opposed to appearances, and whose passion in life is facts, and Jane Potter, daughter of the great magnate of the Potterite press, as the protagonist and antagonist of the story—as the chief bearers of the spirits that affirm or deny the purpose lying at life's own heart.

The book as a whole appears to be an attack on the spirit of Potterism, the spirit which, in this country, is served with equal fidelity and zest by Messrs. Hearst and Munsey, and by Messrs. Chambers and Harold Bell Wright. In the fact, however, that the one figure who fails to convince and interest us is that of Gideon, the only character in the book which is supposed to symbolize finer things still unattained—in this fact and in the futility of Gideon's life as it is pictured, one sees evidence of a subtler intention that may have moved the author in spite of her conscious reasoning. Life has two aspects. One is preservative and emotional; the other is perfective and intellectual. One is embodied in the many, the other in the few. One points toward the roots of the human tree, the other to its flowers and fruits. One is of the past, the other of the future. Both are essential. Life is incomplete without either. The weakness of those who represent the striving toward perfection is that too often they are rootless, cut off from the emotional preservative mass of men and human instincts. They "think above the heads of people," as Katherine Varick says. They live in the clouds of their fleshless dreams and look down upon the lusty herd of common humanity. Thus they fail because one can not lead that with which one has lost all connexion.

"Potterism will outlive all the reformers and idealists," says Katherine. So it will, indeed, and it will remain unredeemed and unrepentant as long as the anti-

Potterites will not see that the more advanced stage implies and must comprehend the less advanced one. Their true task is not to revile and antagonize the Potterites, but to understand them, work with them and through them, and lead them and use them. Until they do, the world will remain helpless in the hands of a Potterism that can not even dream of anything beyond and above its own sentimentally sensational self.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.

IN such a project as the presentation of a degenerate it was perhaps inevitable that Miss Sinclair should have used marked simplifications. The facts which she offers in "The Romantic" are of a kind known only to a limited audience; certainly they might be difficult as well as unacceptable to the average reader. But aside from this, Miss Sinclair is always inclined to be somewhat hasty, and here, intent upon a single consideration, she is at her hastiest. Her characters are quickly sketched in; they hardly go beyond type, though the type is always sharply defined; situations are laid out as part of a diagrammatic scheme; and the spread of the title overreaches the purpose of the story. In John Conway Miss Sinclair portrays not the typical romantic, but only a type within the type. The book might more accurately have been called "The Coward," but the coward is an ancient subject, and novelty, one fancies, has a special appeal for Miss Sinclair. There is, in fact, something of the air of achieving the *dernier cri* in "The Romantic." It may have been necessary to simplify and accelerate and overstress in order to reach the given end, but the effect is that of making an early capture of the methods of psycho-analysis. However, Miss Sinclair achieves her purpose and proves the value of her attempt.

John Conway, one feels, is of a character which might or might not have become dangerous in a civilized life. Set in the horrors and emergencies of ambulance work along the battle-line in Belgium—placed there by his own desire—he becomes a coward, insensitive to the demands of his post, vindictive, cruel, unconsciously disguising his fear under a false ardour for action. His compulsions are unfalteringly reproduced, and an understanding of his temperament becomes the single vivid interest in the tale. In the end, when disentanglement comes, it is lucid, painstaking, intelligible. In concentrating thus upon the prime fact of mental constitution, Miss Sinclair has made an advance which is essential for the art of fiction. Types of mentality have seldom been thoroughly considered in the novel. Emotion has always been the centre for the study of personality, and even when moral choices have been the crux, the emphasis has been emotional. But an understanding of basic mental configurations is now seen to be a first essential for a close understanding of emotion. Delineations of mental form and outline suggest new depths of character. In fiction the danger is that of an over-stressing of method. In "The Romantic" the psycho-analytic purpose stands out like a framework. It is a semi-scientific study rather than a novel, missing almost entirely the effect of mixed, unguided, concrete life which belongs to fiction.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

### AN IMPERFECT LADY.

MISS AUSTEN-LEIGH's "Personal Aspects of Jane Austen"<sup>2</sup> can not be said to contribute much either of interest or of value to the scanty records that already exist concerning the personality and environment of the author of "Pride and Prejudice." It would seem that Miss Austen-Leigh's single endeavour has been to make her famous relative as commonplace as possible. One by one she examines the points that she considers to be detrimental to her own conception of what Jane Austen ought to have been like, and gives to each of them a turn in the direction of her own way of thinking. Thus it appears that one recent critic has had the temerity to sug-

<sup>1</sup> "The Romantic." May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>2</sup> "Personal Aspects of Jane Austen." M. A. Austen-Leigh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

<sup>1</sup> "Potterism." Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright.



gest that the social position of the Austen family was similar to that of the Brontës; Miss Austen-Leigh therefore writes a whole chapter about the "Loyal Leighs" and other distinguished ancestors to disprove so glaring an injustice. Again, the critics have often remarked that Jane Austen's letters contain few allusions to the great events that were taking place in Europe during her lifetime; some of these critics have even been bold enough to suggest that these world-shaking occurrences were of small concern to the gifted authoress. Such heretical reasoning will not do for Miss Austen-Leigh, so she proceeds to explain at great length why we are to believe that the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars must have wrung the heart of Jane Austen to its very depths. Furthermore, there has been a tacit assumption amongst the devoted disciples of Jane Austen that her novels were happily free from any trace of "moralic acid." It now appears, however, that this is a delusion, for Miss Austen-Leigh is in haste to show that every one of her kinswoman's works has for its deeper *motif* the high virtue of repentance. There have also been, from time to time, writers who have actually doubted the depth of Jane Austen's religious sense. In this case no less a person than Archbishop Whately is called in to testify as to her orthodoxy: "Miss Austen," the good prelate writes, "introduces very little of what is technically called religion into her books, yet that must be a blinded soul which does not recognize the vital essence, everywhere present in her pages, of a deep, enlightened piety." And so it goes until, were it not for the existence of the six novels, the personality of Jane Austen would be in danger of being reduced to the modest proportions appropriate to a drawing-room party in one of the famous ante-chambers of the "Loyal Leighs"—a charming young lady, quite, quite, quite, all that she should have been, with a passion for the high moral quality of repentance, with a lively intellectual interest in world politics and a "deep, enlightened piety" all of which, out of deference to the demands of society and good breeding, she kept very much in the background.

Really, of course, Jane Austen was not like that at all. She could not have been a "perfect lady" of that kind and yet produce, out of the surroundings in which she lived, exquisite works of art remarkable for their delicate satirical detachment. We may be very sure that Jane Austen indulged in many thoughts full of her particular "miching malecho," which could hardly be called lady-like. Consider, for instance, these random quotations from her letters:

Only think of Mrs. Holder being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing in the world she could possibly do to make one cease to abuse her.

Dr. Hall is in such very deep mourning that either his mother, his wife, or himself must be dead.

No! no! Miss Austen-Leigh, it will not do. Jane Austen was possessed of genius, and this indefinable, God-sent quality can not exist in the stifling atmosphere of social conventions. True enough, the background of her life was as narrow and uninspired as it could possibly be; but in spite of the influences of the "Loyal Leighs" and all such people, her inspiration enabled her to see her little world as it really was and to portray it with her delicate etching pen as a background for the foibles and follies of humanity. That is the secret of her art and of her evasive but lasting power. These dainty ladies, so afraid of muddy roads, these well-groomed, genteel men, though they look so different from us, are made use of by this mere chit of a girl, scribbling her stories on her lap in a crowded room, to expose the weaknesses of mankind in every age.

LEWELYN POWYS.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

So many poets who are essentially minor are discontented with their by no means ignoble office, and spend much of their time and effort in a futile attempt to be something else. It is a pleasure, therefore, to turn the pages of such a modest col-

lection as "Clouds and Cobblestones,"<sup>1</sup> in which the singer has recognized that it is far more important to be sincere and true within one's sphere than to be for ever trying to break beyond it. In this little volume are poems of unpretentious charm drawing their inspiration from a quality of mind rather than a fever of the body. Many of them are mere evocations, the calling up of a mood, and the clothing of it in graceful garments. Occasionally, Miss Flexner displays a kindly yet penetrating touch of satire, as in "Masks" and "Perfection." Quite possibly there is nothing in these pages that will long endure, but the verses touch human values with sincerity and poetic feeling.

L. B.

For a professor of political economy, Mr. Stephen Leacock carries his B.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., F.R.S.C. very lightly. Prolonged practice of the arts of the humorist has come to his rescue, however, in the christening of "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice."<sup>2</sup> The riddle is not only unsolved when Professor Leacock tackles it, but it remains so when he has finished with it. The author has merely re-stated the problem in a lucid and concise manner and fused it with a sort of primer of economics, and comes out in the end with a middle-of-the-road vagueness as his major contribution to the subject. He sees, on one hand, socialism—"the yawning gulf of social catastrophe," and on the other individualism—"the slow strangulation in a morass," and what he proposes is a little milk-and-water alleviation, reminiscent of the campaign fodder of the 1912 Progressive party.

L. B.

Most of the poetry included in Mr. Stork's "Contemporary Verse Anthology,"<sup>3</sup> which he has gathered from the magazine *Contemporary Verse*, is such sorry stuff that by the time one has waded through this veritable torrent of mediocre thought and expression one's appreciative sense is so benumbed that one almost overlooks the half-dozen poems of real value. Notable among these are "The Push-Cart," by William Rose Benét, Mary Morsall's "Four Walls" and Elizabeth Henty's "Sixteen." Perhaps this is because the general appeal of the book is, as the editor in his preface says he wishes it to be, "communal rather than highly individual." Without doubt, many people will take the greatest pleasure in reading these pretty, wholesome, cheerful verses, dealing with "love of the home, delight in out-door nature, generous human sympathy, kindly humour, and a quiet first-hand religious sense." For the others, the remaining few, who are on the look-out for the real cry of authentic poetry, sun-drenched, wind-swept, imaginative, terrible, the book will be sadly disappointing.

L. P.

AN examination of the effect of our "war psychology" on the handling of domestic issues, especially those relating to industrial unrest, has led Professor Edgar S. Furniss of Yale to turn with renewed interest to the mercantilists of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and their plans for increasing British national efficiency through labour-legislation. That energetic and turbulent age was prolific in able social critics, yet Professor Furniss's slender volume "The Position of the Labourer in a System of Nationalism"<sup>4</sup> shows us how wide of the mark nearly all of them were. The Balance of Trade doctrine was accepted by them almost without question, also that national wealth was perfectly consistent with the most widespread and bitter individual poverty; and that the sure way to win a credit-balance for the nation was to undersell competitors in every foreign market by keeping down wages at home. In other words, the mercantilists of those days, conceived of the nation simply as a trading-firm competing against other national firms of the same character; and now in these modern days our own highly stimulated nationalism appears to be displaying the same tendencies. If the heads of our great industrial organizations are eager to maintain as much as possible of the nationalistic *moral* spontaneously generated by the war, it is chiefly with a view to profits and with little regard to the well-being of the citizen who labours in the industrial ranks. An attentive reading of Professor Furniss's book might perhaps shake the certainty of these patriots in the wisdom of their present aims; unfortunately, however, these gentlemen are not much given to studying treatises of this nature.

R. W. W.

<sup>1</sup> "Clouds and Cobblestones." Hortense Flexner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

<sup>2</sup> "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice." Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co.

<sup>3</sup> "Contemporary Verse Anthology." Edited by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

<sup>4</sup> "The Position of the Labourer in a System of Nationalism." Edgar S. Furniss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.



## A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

Do you remember the roses in the Luxembourg Gardens, those roses, at once so opulent and so perfect, that blossom against the grey stone of the old balustrades? But one does not forget them; it is as if in some unique fashion they fulfilled the destiny of all the roses. What one perhaps does forget is the sacrifice they represent. Who can estimate the care lavished upon the organisms that bear those blossoms, which are indeed the fruit of a ruthless and incessant pruning? They have scarcely known what it is to sprawl in the sunshine; every stalk, every tendril has submitted to the most rigorous of disciplines. It is a Spartan life, in short, those plants have led; all their energy has been canalized to a single end. But what a sumptuous end! A good part of our delight in it springs from our having witnessed there the perfect fulfillment of an intention.

THAT is the French way, with roses and with artists. Our American way is different. We believe, before everything else (and with reason, heaven knows, considering our moral history), in a "good time." For us the leaves and the tendrils have as much right to a place in the sun as the blossoms. But what becomes of the blossoms? Alas, they are small, defective and short-lived; inevitably, for nine-tenths of the energy of the organism has been used up in "living." I am thinking, on the one hand, of those French critics with whom he invites a comparison and, on the other, of Mr. James Huneker. The life disclosed in "Steeplejack" (Scribner's) how full it is, how abounding, how generous, and yet, from another point of view, how wasted! Nothing is more appealing about Mr. Huneker than his humility. "I have written," he says, "of many things, from architecture to zoology, without grasping their inner substance. I am a Jack of the Seven Arts, master of none." Remembering all we owe to him, we can hardly accept that protestation at its face value. Yet it does suggest his status in relation to his own by no means extravagant ideal. Mr. Huneker is not an Anatole France, a Jules Lemaitre, a Remy de Gourmont, but who will deny that he had the makings of one? Where their works have been at once so opulent and so perfect, his have been, on the whole, small, defective and short-lived indeed; and it is because of the dissipation of energy to which his autobiography bears witness. Mr. Huneker touches us with the account he gives of his periodical efforts to stop the "leakage of moral gas" in his career; certainly no one has been more conscious of the creative ideal than he. If one dwells, therefore, upon this aspect of so rich a life, it is because it so perfectly illustrates the American view of art as a by-product of a "good time."

MR. HUNEKER, in fact, is an American of the Americans; they waste their breath who attempt to prove that there is anything "foreign" in his love of beer and music, anything exotic in his real fibre. He tells us that his cosmopolitanism "peeled off like dry paint from a cracked wall when President Wilson proclaimed our nation at war." He seems always to have been cheerfully adaptable and happily adjusted as regards his country and its beliefs and assumptions. Fully a third of his book deals with his boyhood in Philadelphia; and there was never a boyhood that more fully meets the qualifications of Professor Brander Matthews for a true-blue American critic, namely, that he should have had firecrackers on the proper occasions and played baseball in a vacant lot. His shudders at the memory, now of the lurid Madame Blavatsky, now of a Black Mass which he once saw in Paris, his acquiescence in Colonel Roosevelt's "amazement" at the fact that, having been in Paris when he was twenty-one, he had not given up his studies and rushed home again in order to cast his first vote, reveal all that *naïveté*, that social innocence, that childlike acceptance of common-sense and commonplace and "whatever is" which mark our countrymen among the peoples of the world. Then there is his inconsecutiveness and impulsiveness ("I fly off with ease on any tempting tangent, also off my

handle"), his breakneck style, his breezy familiarity with all things sacred and profane, his joy in collecting celebrities as a boy collects their autographs, and finally that nostalgia for Europe which makes half the charm of his writing, that endowing of everything, philosophic, religious, moral, artistic, as long as it is European, with a rosy veil of romance. Mr. Huneker, at bottom, is very much the man of the tribe, the *moyen homme sensuel*, both in the general and in the national sense; and perceiving this, we can understand why he has never quite got possession of himself. In retrospect he seems less interesting, however engaging, as an individual, than as a sort of national symptom.

ONE might almost say that Mr. Huneker has been a scapegoat for the repressions of Puritanism. Starve a people too long, fail to educate its eye, its ear, its palate, drive the senses back, tell it to be satisfied with eating straw, to hold its tongue, to ignore its preferences, not to let its fancy stray, not even to have a fancy, and to keep its nose to the grindstone, and sooner or later you will have an eruption. Mediævalism had its eruption in Rabelais, Victorian England had its eruption in the art of the eighteen 'nineties, the Middle-West is having its eruption to-day in Greenwich Village. Our whole American generation indeed is having its eruption, and Mr. Huneker was the first sign of it. One thinks of him as in some way incarnating the banked-up appetite of all America for the colour and flavour, the gaiety and romance, the sound and smell of continental Europe, which our grim commercialism, fortified by Mark Twain's humour, had led us to ridicule and decry, and as going forth to devour it like a cake. Mr. Huneker, in a word, was Europe-struck; his gusto and voracity had behind them, as it were, the momentum of a nation's hunger. So it was that, although he had grown up in a singularly free and artistically friendly atmosphere, he was unable to stop and discriminate but ran about riotously like a kitten in a field of catnip. Europe! Everything in it was magical, Offenbach as well as Mozart, the cathedral of Chartres and the Strauss waltzes, the Brussels beer and the graves of the philosophers: it was all one blazing Turner sunset. America in Mr. Huneker was making up for lost time; he fell on his knees and fairly ate Europe, as Nebuchadnezzar in his madness ate the grass.

It is thus that Mr. Huneker might be figured in a sketch of the successive phases of America's artistic development. He is our Yellow Book, more violent and promiscuous than England's as our repressions had been greater; and it is difficult not to see him as a victim for all the sins our countrymen have committed against art. "I have no grievances," he says, "I am what I made myself; therefore, I blame myself for my shortcomings." A wholesome attitude, and one for which we honour him; but how different the results would have been if the sprawling vine of his talent had been planted in another soil and had had the right gardeners to tend it! In short, he is another of those barbaric natural forces, incompletely humanized, personalized, differentiated, that stand for us in lieu of a literature, and show us how rich we are in the sheer raw material of creative energy. Half of that creative energy is ice-bound, half of it spills over in a tropical exuberance, but it *exists*, awaiting the apparatus of a civilization. Meanwhile, to them that love much (even if they love too many, as Heine suggested) much is forgiven; and who has loved more than Mr. Huneker? "I can love, intensely love, an idea or an art. I am a Yea-Sayer." It is true; and thanks to this love, he will always seem to us as much a creator as a victim of America.

THE REVIEWER recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Ruskin the Prophet, and Other Centenary Studies," by John Masfield, Dean Inge, etc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Scenes from the Court of Peter the Great," edited by Dr. F. L. Glazer. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.



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